

M^{rs} Ardenstone
THE
VALLEY OF ST. GOTHARD,

A NOVEL,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY MRS. PARSONS,

AUTHOR OF
ANECDOTES OF TWO WELL-KNOWN FAMILIES,
MYSTERIOUS WARNINGS, AN OLD FRIEND WITH
A NEW FACE, &c. &c. &c.

VOL. I.

-----" More prosing!
" Of making many Books there is no end."

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1799.

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VALLEY OF ST. GOTTHARD

A NOVEL

IN THREE VOLUMES

BY MISS F. A. B. S.

ANALOGUES OF TWO LIVES KNOWN AND UNKNOWN
A NEW FACE
A NEW FACE

VOL. I.



1780

WITH THE
WARMEST ADMIRATION
OF
SPLENDID TALENTS,
AND THE
HIGHEST RESPECT
FOR
PERSONAL MERIT;

THE FOLLOWING WORK IS INSCRIBED TO

M. G. LEWIS, Esq. M. P.

BY HIS MOST OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

WARREN'S ADMINISTRATION

SPLENDID MILESTONES

HIGHEST MERIT

PERSONAL MERIT

THE FOLLOWING WORDS ARE INSCRIBED TO

M. G. LEWIS, M. P.

FOR HIS COURAGE AND BRAVERY

THE AUTHOR

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THE
VALLEY
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ST. GOTHARD.

CHAP. I.

"There is no situation in life so interesting to the feelings of humanity, as a worthy character struggling under the pressure of misfortunes, and sinking under the weight of calamities which wisdom could not foresee, nor prudence prevent."

IN the year 1782, as an English gentleman, making the tour of Europe, to divert a grief which heavily oppressed his heart, attended only by one faithful domestic, was passing thro' a wild and mountainous part of Switzerland, he was suddenly attacked by four men, part of a gang of banditti, who had long made depredations on travellers, and committed the most horrid outrages in that neighbourhood.

The wretches fired without speaking a single word; he saw his servant fall dead from

his horse, at the same instant that the report of the carbines frightened his own beast, who flew away over a high precipice from which he every moment expected to be thrown and dashed to pieces.

But he went on over the mountain at a wonderful rate, and proceeded safely down a steep declivity terminated by a thick wood, the intermingled branches of which suddenly impeded the impetuosity of the animal; the shock threw the gentleman out of the saddle, while the horse forced his way thro' the wood.

Stunned by the fall, and breathless from apprehension and fatigue, he lay a considerable time without the power to raise himself; and when at length respiration and recollection returned, tho' sensible of his almost miraculous escape from death, yet his situation was such as might have justified despair in any mind of more fortitude than this gentleman possessed. The amazing rapidity of the horse, and the imminent danger that threatened him had precluded Mr. Manners (for that was the name he announced himself by in his travels) from any further observations, than that he

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was carried a direct contrary road from the one he had intended to pursue, and that on every side the prospect was wild, terrific, and boundless.

He was surprised to find that he had received no other injury from the blow which had thrown him on the ground than a soreness on his head and stiffness in his left shoulder; his hat had broken the force with which he came in contact with the branches, and preserved him from any material hurt.

When a little recovered, he proceeded slowly thro' the wood, which had no path, appeared to be entirely unfrequented, and was almost impassable from the bending intermingled branches that formed a sort of umbrageous arch over his head, while the low and thick underwood tangled round his feet, and impeded his progress.

The loss of his faithful servant was a very painful addition to his other causes for sorrow; the man dropped to all appearance dead, but if not immediately deprived of life, how deplorable was his situation, left to expire without relief or consolation. He threw his eyes

back and beheld with horror the steep mountain from which the horse had so swiftly descended; and sighed from his inmost soul when he saw the impossibility of regaining the road, and knowing the fate of his unfortunate William.

Oppressed in mind, and lost in painful retrospection, he was scarce sensible of the difficulties he struggled with to force his way thro' the wood; and had been above three hours in it before he felt his spirits and strength insensibly give way, and an universal languor and faintness compelled him to look round for a resting place.

At a small distance he beheld a large tree, whose trunk seemed to have been split by age, and had a deep hollow in it; he bent his steps thither, climbed into the cavity, and seated himself with a sort of resigned despair, submissive to the present evil, and regardless of future ones.

The sun had retired behind the mountains, the evening advanced, and the shades of night promised to overwhelm him before he could possibly get thro' the wood; he was exhausted
by

by fatigue, and an encreased pain in his shoulder, which he had not felt while warm with walking, and plunged into a reverie that rendered him callous to bodily pain.

Roused from that lethargy which had overwhelmed his senses, alive only to a painful recollection of past sorrows, he looked round the gloomy prospect, hopeless of any relief, " 'Tis here I must pass the night," said he, " and why should I complain or be fastidious? how many unhappy houseless creatures fare much worse, stretched upon the cold stones at the doors of pampered gluttons, hungry, naked, and penniless?—How many a weary care worn traveller, whose daily supplications earns his daily bread, creeps from the high-road to the shelter of a bushy hedge to screen him from the pelting storm, while the palsied body trembles with the midnight cold?—Oh! if bodily sufferings were all I had to complain of, how light their pressure to the mental agonies that tear every fibre of my heart, wound my very soul with a barbed and poisonous arrow, and forbid the flattering illusion of hope to bestow one gleam of consolation

tion to restore my lost peace,—lost, alas, for ever!”

Whilst the overcharged heart of Mr. Manners burst forth in this melancholy soliloquy, his eye caught the glimmering of the moon on the underwood at a small distance, which was impervious to his view from the thick shade over his head.—Again he determined to renew his toil in exploring the wood by the help of that friendly luminary so often assistant to the bewildered traveller.

He sprang from the hollow tree and directed his steps to the faint light that streamed before him, and in a few moments arrived at a more open spot, where the trees were loftier and more erect.—The queen of night was brilliantly attended by the sparkling suns of other worlds, and his heart felt a ray of emanation, of delight, when emerging from the dark and gloomy recess he had occupied, to witness the glories that burst so suddenly on his view.

He walked on for some time thro' this wood of tall and stately trees,—there appeared no traces of any foot path, but the
thicket

thicket did not entangle his feet, and he saw his road before him, 'till his view was terminated by a very high hill, almost such another as he had so rapidly descended from.

To attempt climbing up the mountain, tir'd as he was, and feeling no little degree of pain, was an impossibility; and he now regretted that he had so rashly quitted the hollow tree, where he might have been tolerably sheltered during the night, and enabled the better to pursue his toilsome journey the following day.

"Such is the consequence of precipitance," sighed he, "we follow the impetuosity of our inclinations, and thro' impatience often draw on ourselves the evils we were so eager to avoid! Here is no resting place but against the side of the mountain, ascend it I cannot, and to return back is equally impossible."

He drew close to the hill, he saw it was encircled by the wood, and therefore no chance was left him, but to compose himself as well as he could, since by going round the foot of it he could expect only fruitless toil and increased fatigue.

He threw himself on the green sward under the hill, and passed the night in sleepless agitation 'till near the dawn of day, when nature, exhausted by suffering, closed his weary eyelids in profound repose for a few hours, and afforded a temporary relief.

He was awakened by the glowing rays of the sun shining full on his face, and by the tuneful voices of the feathered choristers gratefully hailing the enlivening god of day. He started from his mossy couch, breathed a fervent prayer to Heaven, and then began to consider how he should mount the immense height before him. His shoulder was stiff and painful, he felt a weakness at his stomach for want of nourishment, and apprehended he had not sufficient strength to attain the top of the mountain.

After some consideration he thought it would be best to walk further thro' the wood, round the sides of the hill, as possibly there might be some path way, or at least he might discover a more easy ascent than the rocky one then present to his view. He pursued this idea and went slowly on. Little as his
mind

mind was attuned to harmony and pleasure, it was impossible not to feel a soft serenity take possession of the soul, from the tranquil scene that surrounded him; the air calm, the sun in its full glory darting thro' the green foliage of the trees, while innumerable birds were hopping from one leafy covering to another, warbling their different notes and forming a vocal concert, wild but delightful to the ear.

He was roused from a delicious langour that had stolen over his senses by the sound of rushing waters, which growing more distinct as he advanced, seemed like the falling of a cascade. In a few minutes, turning a short projecting angle of the mountain, his footsteps were arrested by one of the most beautiful and picturesque scenes that the liveliest imagination could conceive.

He beheld a cascade falling from the high mountain, which, impeded in its course by broken and projecting fragments, added to its motion tho' it divided the stream, and made it descend in a foam to the bottom; where it extended itself into a large natural basin

which overflowed into several little rills that were lost in the wood.

Mr. Manners stood some minutes wrapt in pleasing astonishment at this unexpected and delightful scenery; but the rays of the sun darting full upon his head, a sudden faintness obliged him to turn aside and throw himself under a large and thick tree, for shelter from the heat, which was more than his strength could support.

Manners was no hero of romance, he felt the weaknesses of human nature, want of rest, want of food, and no small portion of fatigue from his pedestrian rambles in the wood, to which mode of travelling he had not been accustomed.

The weakness of the body had its concomitant effects upon the spirits, "Unfortunate wretch that I am," cried he, "why do I struggle for existence? Is life still valuable in my eyes?—I feel that hope is what Plato calls it, "The dream of men awake," that delusive flatterer can no longer impose upon me.—Outraged by misfortunes, the victim of duplicity, and the rash destroyer of another's life,

life,—my evil destiny presents nothing but horror, grief, and despair!”

“A christian ought *never* to *despair*” were words uttered in a mild, but firm tone, that caused Mr. Manners to start, and raising himself on his elbow he beheld a respectable looking man, apparently not above the middle age, dressed in a plain garb, a stick in his hand, and with a countenance wherein concern and compassion seemed equally blended. Lost in the contemplation of his misfortunes, he had not been sensible of the stranger’s approach from the back of the wood, and they viewed each other for some moments in a profound silence.

The stranger was the first to speak, “Pardon my intrusion, sorrow ought to be sacred, but in this unfrequented spot to see a fellow creature extended on the earth, was sufficient to excite my curiosity and compassion, nor could I refrain from interrupting you.” Whilst the stranger was speaking, Manners had raised himself from the ground, but the languor which pervaded his whole frame, compelled him to lean against the tree.

“You

"You appear to be weak and fatigued," continued the stranger, "accept of my arm, my dwelling is not far off, and with a little assistance, you will be able to reach it." Manners looked his thanks, but he could not articulate a word; surprise and shame at being overheard, with the little expected prospect of relief, altogether filled him with undescribable emotions, and precluded speech. He accepted the proffered arm, they walked a little way thro' the wood, crossing a small rivulet, to a part where the trees were thicker and appeared like a grove that was impenetrable; but turning a little on one side they entered a narrow green path which only admitted of one person, and therefore they were obliged to separate; "Courage," said the stranger, "follow me, you have not many paces more to walk."

Manners followed in silence, the path was winding thro' the trees, which here again formed a shade by the thick intermingled branches. Presently they came to a narrow tho' deep lake, which was not passable without swimming across it, and seemed to extend far into the wood on both sides.

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The stranger kept to the left, on the banks of it, and in a few moments the prospect opened, and Manners beheld on the opposite side the appearance of a small dwelling, enclosed by a low grove of flowering shrubs. A wooden bridge carried them over the lake, and on entering the grove, a neat house presented itself, covered with woodbines, at the door of which, upon a large root of a tree, sat a female reading.

She started up on seeing them advance, and her first emotions seemed to be fear and flight; but the name of "Christina," pronounced in an affectionate tone by the man, arrested her steps, and she waited their approach under great agitation.

Manners bowed, but spoke not:—"This stranger wants rest, and nourishment, my child," resumed the man, "lead the way to your fairy room." Enchantment, indeed! thought Manners, when he entered the little fanciful apartment, and was placed in a chair with an air of kindness and respect, and in a few moments some delicious cakes, fruit, and wine were placed before him, "until something

thing warm and comfortable could be got ready." A young girl about twelve years of age, seemed to be the only assistant to the other female, whose face Manners had scarce yet an opportunity of seeing, as she had left the room to provide for his accommodation.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

“ O memory! thou soul of joy and pain,
Thou actor of our passions o'er again!
Why dost thou aggravate the wretch's woe?
Why add continuous smart to ev'ry blow?”

MR. Manners having taken some refreshment, turned to his hospitable entertainer, who had been viewing him with a fixed attention, — “ To your opportune benevolence,” said he, “ I am indebted for my existence, for 'tis very probable that the weakness of my body and inactivity of my mind, would in a few hours have rendered me as incapable as unwilling to make any vigorous exertions to preserve a life of little value, and marked out for hopeless misery.”

“ I know not,” answered the other gravely, “ any circumstances but atrocious guilt, and a stubborn unrepentant heart, that can justify the idea of “ hopeless misery.” “ Fortitude is
“ the

“the fairest blossom that springs from a noble mind,” and with conscious innocence for its support, may defy the wrongs of a malignant and unjust world, to deprive it of internal peace.”

“Alas!” replied Manners, “such indeed is the stoic’s lesson; but the seared soul, in the moment of passion, when injured beyond reparation, wounded in its most vulnerable part, waits not to take a lesson from prudence and cold philosophy, but in one rash moment assumes the power of an avenger, and plunges itself into guilt, remorse, and sorrow.”

“I fear that I comprehend the cause of your distress,—you have destroyed a fellow-creature,—annihilated a being whose life ought to have been sacred, and dependant only on the will of his creator.” “Do not drive me to distraction,” exclaimed Manners, wildly, “the villain deserved a thousand deaths;—the world will justify the deed, tho’ conscience upbraids me for sending a guilty wretch, loaded with crimes, unprepared to answer his great account,—his barbarous wrongs done to an unsuspecting friend.—Oh! that

that way madness lies!—Yes, yes, he merited a thousand deaths.”

“Compose yourself,” said his entertainer, mildly, “we will talk on this subject another time; I am curious to know how you came into this wood, a place so unfrequented, that in twenty years residence I have never once beheld any strangers in it but a few mountain peasants.”

“Twenty years! You, whose language, whose manners are so little appropriate to the wildness of the country and its inhabitants,—You!—Twenty years,—is it possible?” “And why not,” returned the other, “I sought for tranquillity and peace of mind:—I had done with the world, the world had done with me; and where could I find a spot more tranquil, more beautiful and sublime, than the bosom of this wood affords?”

“True,—but twenty years, alone, in solitude.” “Pardon me, I have a companion, you have seen her, my daughter;—she is my friend, the enliverer of my happiest hours, the soother, the comforter, the pride of my heart.—In her company time flies pleasantly,
and

and unheeded,—we have no tedious hours, and altho' you may suppose we lead a monotonous life, yet we contrive to vary our regular employments in such a manner, that every day has its diversity and amusement, and yet the same economical arrangements is uniformly preserved." "I cannot understand you," said Manners, "'tis all a mystery,—a mere vegetative existence without variety, appears to me the most deplorable situation in the world."

—“And yet,” retorted the other with a penetrating look, “millions should not bribe me to exchange conditions with you, or thousands of those beings who flutter in the gay world:—But you have not satisfied my curiosity as to the situation in which I found you.”

Manners related his being set upon by the banditti, the death of his servant, and the flight of his horse over the precipices.—“I know not,” continued he, “where I am; I was crossing the mountains in the road to Lucern, but the animal took a contrary direction, and providence wonderfully preserved me
from

from those dangerous precipices, such as no mortal, I believe, would attempt to pass, and where I momentarily expected death in its worst form."

"Your escape with life was indeed miraculous, and a proper sense of it should have inspired very different ideas than despair, and the language I overheard. Heaven, Sir, has wonderfully interposed to save you, not only from the carbines, the rock, and the difficulties of the wood, but in conducting you to the spot I found you on this day."

"I have told you that we diversify our amusements; twice a week only, I walk on the other side of the lake when the weather is fine; had you come there tomorrow, in all probability you might have perished,—the mountains you could not climb, the wood is intricate, and your strength was nearly exhausted. It was scarce possible for you to have found this little dwelling without a conductor, tho' the distance is not great; and no human aid would have reached you for at least three days."

"See, therefore, what a combination of events threatened the termination of your existence;

istence; and bow with gratitude to heaven for its signal preservation of your life—a life given you not to be indolently trifled with, but to encourage you to vigorous exertions to make that life beneficial to society, and atone, if possible, for the crime you have been guilty of.”

“Crime!” repeated Manners, reddening! “Undoubtedly,—I cannot give soft names to bad actions;—to destroy the existence of a fellow creature is a crime of the most flagrant nature!” “I did not kill him unfairly, I gave him an equal chance, *my* life was in *his* hands.” “Not so, talk not of chance, *your* life was the care of providence;—he might be unworthy of existence, but you had no right to deprive him of it:—Vengeance belongs only to the Omnipotent, and he who assumes the power to punish, arrogates to himself an unjust right, that involves him in equal condemnation.”

“’Tis thus the cold unimpassioned voice of reason speaks,” said Manners, warmly, “and conscience subscribes to the rigid tenets: But did you know my *wrongs*, how great the provocations,

provocations, how excusable the consequences, when smarting under the most unparalleled ingratitude, the most consummate hypocrisy! Discovered too at a moment when reason was overpowered, and every feeling of the soul roused to vengeance!—Oh! even the stoic,—the breast of apathy, would not condemn, tho' they could not approve my just revenge!"

As he pronounced the last words in an elevated tone of voice, and his whole frame disordered, Christina entered the room, followed by her little girl, with a dish of wild-fowl, nicely dressed. The soft blush of modesty tinged her cheek with vermillion, when in the sweetest voice she entreated her guest to partake of their dinner.

Until that moment her face and form had been unnoticed by Manners. Caught by the gentle accents, he fixed his eyes on her face with such an expression in them, that her cheek was suffused with a deeper red; and she was too much confused to repeat her invitation.

The father placed a chair for him, the young lady took her place, carved the fowl,
and

and helped them both; the little girl was seated at the bottom of the table, a dumb waiter rendered attendance unnecessary.

Manners checked his eyes, and restrained his emotions, but when helped to some wine, "May I," said he, "without being deemed impertinent, enquire the name of my benevolent host?"

"My name," replied his entertainer, "is Hervey, you perceive by my language that I am an Englishman." "'Tis that surprises me," said Manners, "that an Englishman should have chosen this solitary retreat, so far from his native country."

"You are young," returned Hervey, "yet you have quitted your country to fly from yourself; why then wonder that another should inhabit a spot dearer to him than the land he was born in. We have all local prejudices, this has been my country for twenty years past; near this spot I have passed the happiest hours of my life, and here I hope to close my eyes in peace, with brighter hopes for hereafter."

Manners was astonished, he looked at Christina, she appeared to be about eighteen or nineteen, she had that style of beauty which interests and insinuates itself gently into the heart; modest, unobtrusive, without affectation, or any appearance of a desire to please. She seemed surprised and a little confused at his earnest gazing at her; there was an air of diffidence as if unaccustomed to company, but her manners were easy and polite, she seemed ignorant of her charms, and her chief attention was directed to her father.

Her eye caught his wants before he could mention them, and when she addressed him, her voice was melodiously tender and soothing.

Yet, Manners thought, the bloom of youth and beauty was sometimes overcast by a momentary cloud of sadness which took from its freshness; like a rose overcharged with dew, that drooped and then again revived when the enlivening sun drew up its head, so her countenance cleared when her father with expressions of kindness marked and acknowledged the attention of his dear Christina.

When

When the repast ended, Hervey would have persuaded his guest to take some repose. "You must want rest," said he, "a few hours sleep will restore your strength, bodily and mentally, both are in need of it."

"No," replied Manners, "I feel recruited strength already; I am anxious to relate my unhappy story, to obtain your compassion, if I cannot deserve your good opinion.—At present you condemn me, your hospitality seems to be the effect of principle, such as you would bestow on the most unworthy if in distress and want. I cannot receive it on those terms, I will, without partiality, or extenuation of my own faults, without exaggerating the faults of others,—open to you the source of my miseries, the irremediable evils that have fallen upon me.—Let me stand acquitted or condemned; a doubtful character I cannot support, nor be indebted to your pity alone for sufferance here. If your judgment pronounces me guilty and unworthy, direct my steps out of this wood, 'tis all the favor I can receive, or you ought to bestow."

"Your

"Your sentiments," replied Hervey, "challenge esteem and respect; but, forgive me, I mean no implication, I have seen enough of the world to doubt high sounding words, to suspect sentiment, and to know that art and volubility can gloss over the most atrocious actions."

Seeing the face of Manners was in a glow, he added, "be not offended, I make no personal allusions, on the contrary I *feel desirous* that you should *command* what I am ready to bestow, my esteem and approbation."

"The latter," said Manners, with a sigh, "I cannot hope to obtain; you will condemn the impetuosity of my passions, but, I trust, will not withhold your regard and compassion."

"Begin," said Hervey, "I am impatient to hear you, while my child is busied in her domestic arrangements."

Manners for a moment appeared greatly agitated, but having suppressed and swallowed a few rising sighs, he began his story in the following words.

C H A P. III.

"Neither man nor angel can discern Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks Invisible, except to God alone!"

"**I** WILL not trouble you with extraneous matter, but confine myself simply to the causes that have produced the dreadful effects which have stamped the colour of my future days with the darkest shades of night.

"My father was a Baronet, I was his only son, and heir to a good estate. My mother died when I was very young. At a proper age I was placed at Eton, where a very warm friendship took place, on my side,—alas! I thought it reciprocal, with the Hon. Mr. B**, second son to the Earl of R***.

"He told me, in confidence, that it was the intention of his father to unite him with a ward of his, a Miss Randall, who had twenty thousand

thousand pounds, and was the orphan daughter of a general officer, with whom the Earl had lived in habits of friendship many years. He allowed there was nothing objectionable in the young lady's person or manners, but he detested the idea of being obliged to marry without his inclinations being consulted, young as he was, and therefore he had taken a decided aversion to Miss Randall, and a fixed resolution never to marry her.

"Partial to my friend, and a stranger to parental authority, I applauded his determination, and encouraged him in an opposition to the will of an arbitrary parent.

"We left Eton within a few months of each other: I was called home to witness the death of an indulgent father, and receive his last blessing. By his will I was committed to the care, and under the guardianship of a very worthy man, and a maiden sister of my father's, one of the best of women.

"At this period I was just turned of eighteen, and as soon as decency would permit, after the death of my much beloved parent, I requested permission to accept an invitation

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from my friend, to his father's country seat. My guardians, not having decided on a plan for my improvement 'till I became of age, acceded to my wishes for one month's absence.

"I was received by the Earl's family with every flattering mark of attention, and was presently introduced to Miss Randall, who was a resident there. The moment I beheld her, I stood astonished at my friend's prepossession against the most beautiful object I had ever seen. Ah! a young inexperienced heart like mine, for the first time, drank in large draughts of love, and I almost despised my friend B * *, for his insensibility to such transcendent charms.

"In a few days he discovered my passion, and congratulated both me and himself. He assured me the young lady had expressed herself warmly in my favour, and he had no doubt of my success. In short, not to dwell on the particulars of my conduct in this business, I shall briefly tell you, that thro' the contrivance of my friend I had several private interviews with the young lady, who was brought to acknowledge a preference for me; and

and as we knew it would be impossible to solicit or hope for the consent of her guardian, who designed her for his son, our kind and ingenious friend proposed a flight to Scotland, and generously gave all his pocket money towards the consequent expences of this wild scheme.

“Young, thoughtless, and in love, I saw not in its proper light the breach of hospitality I was guilty of; but satisfied that in gratifying my own wishes I ensured the happiness of a lovely girl, and rescued my friend from a forced engagement, in a rash and luckless hour, we left the house at midnight, and our mutual friend had taken previous care to make such arrangements that we reached the end of our journey and were married before there was a possibility of being overtaken.

“I believed myself the happiest fellow in the world; we wrote to our respective guardians, and prepared to return to London. The young lady's family and fortune being unexceptionable, I had no cause to dread the reprobation of my friends, but the Earl of R*** could retain the fortune of my wife

until she was one and twenty, of which she wanted more than two years.

We returned to England and were received by my aunt, not with a cordiality of affection, for she severely blamed the rash step we had taken, particularly my culpable and inhospitable conduct towards the Earl and his family. But she was a good woman, she felt for our youth and inexperience, and consented to take my wife under her protection, and introduce her to the world.

“I wrote to the Earl of R***, and requested he would name what settlements he pleased for my wife; my guardians coincided in the request, the business was soon amicably settled, tho’ he did not deign to answer my letter; he had certainly a right to conceive himself ill-treated, and I submitted to the reproach I had rashly incurred.

“I doated on my Maria, and her attachment seemed little less fervent than mine. During the first year of our marriage my aunt resided with us, and had evinced all the attention and affection of a parent to us both. At the end of that period she expressed herself so perfectly

“ I confess that tho’ I esteemed and revered this respectable woman, such was my extravagant fondness for Maria, that I was not sorry to be freed from the restraint her presence often imposed upon me; her intention therefore met with no opposition, and we separated the best friends in the world.

“ Not long after this event, we were most agreeably surpris'd by a visit from our friend; his father, the Earl of R***, had died about two months before. Mr. B** had purchased a majority in the Guards, consequently came to reside in town, and considerably added to my happiness by becoming our constant guest.

“ I regarded him as a brother, and as the promoter of that union which constituted all my felicity. Sometimes when speaking of my darling Maria, and the admiration she generally excited in those who saw her, I have rallied him on his want of taste in proving so insensible

insensible to charms which captivated my senses on the very first interview.

“On such occasions he would reply, with an air of indifference, “that he could only account for it by an early prepossession against compulsive and arbitrary designs; and although he always allowed Miss Randall to be a very lovely girl, she had not that style of beauty to touch his heart, or engage his, perhaps, capricious fancy.”

“In the second year of our marriage my wife was brought to bed of a lovely little girl, whom, alas! I loved with the most tender affection. The Major often rallied me on being an uxorious husband and a doating father, before I was twenty; yet confessed the harmony that reigned in my house made him uncomfortable in any other.

“O, the hypocritical villain! fool, fool that I was to be so egregiously the dupe of two infamous wretches!” Here Manners got up and paced about the room in great agitation, then resuming his seat,

“Well, Sir, let me quickly finish my horrid story,—the child I have spoken of was about
ten

ten months old, my wife was again pregnant, I was the happiest fellow existing! when one morning I was alarmed by dreadful shrieks, and told by a servant, his lady had fallen over the stairs.

“No words can speak my anguish, she was carried to her room, and I sent for five or six doctors; they all agreed she was dangerously hurt, and that it was impossible she could live.

“Judge if you can of my feelings; before night their judgment was confirmed, and she was reduced to the last extremity. Sensible of her danger, which could not be concealed from her, as she earnestly interrogated the physicians, in a manner so solemn as admitted of no evasion, she requested every one to withdraw and leave her with me alone.

“Oh! how shall I repeat the soul distracting confession made by that wretched woman!—remembrance sickens at it, I cannot enter into particulars!—O, *you*, who are a father, who have been a husband, who possibly may have had a friend, think, think what my tortured heart and burning brain suffered, when told,

the child I doated on was not my own; that the Major, the friend, the villain I had held to my heart, was the father of her infant, and that their guilty commerce had been carried on near two years!

“O!” cried he, grasping the hand of Hervey, “never, never shall I forget that dreadful moment!—I uttered not a word, I scarcely respired, I sat looking on her, hearing every word, yet every other sense seemed annihilated!

“She briefly told me, that soon after he had obtained his commission, and became almost an inmate of the house, he had a thousand times lamented his blindness to her charms, swore she was more beautiful than ever, and deserved the adoration of the world!

“Weakly and wickedly flattered, by a conquest over *his indifference*, she rather encouraged than repressed his licentious passion; tho’ she solemnly protested, she then only gratified her vanity, without any criminal inclinations.

“About this time my guardian fell ill in the country; I was sent for, his residence was
in

in Wales, and he being in a dangerous state, and desirous of settling all my affairs, I was detained there six weeks, which appeared to me six ages. Then it was this monster of duplicity and art completed the seduction of a weak, vain, unhappy woman, and before my return she believed herself pregnant.

“ I cannot go on with her foul-harrowing confession, she implored my forgiveness, and besought me to seek for no revenge if I would wish her to expire in peace. I know not what I promised, she was seized with convulsions, I flew out of the room, and soon after she expired.

“ My aunt, who had come to us on hearing of the dreadful accident, followed me to my apartment, accompanied by one of the physicians. She started back, which was all I remember for six days, during which I had a frenzy fever, and my life was despaired of.

“ The fiend who had heaped this load of misery on my head was on duty when the wretched victim to his hypocrisy breathed her last. The information struck him like a thunderbolt; my good aunt gave him credit
for

for his friendly concern; and his pretended anxiety for me encreased her regard.

In all the paroxysms of a brain fever, I learnt since from my servant, not a word escaped me relative to the intelligence which had disordered my senses. I called on Maria,—my darling wife;—on my friend the Major, and this hardened villain came twice into my apartment, and even offered to attend me, when he judged by my words, and my aunt's kindness, that the infernal secret had not escaped the poor unhappy undone Maria.

“The day on which my reason returned, I was told of the Major's concern, of his friendship and kindness. My heart did not burst into words, but the agonies I felt were inexpressible. When I could speak, I desired my faithful and lamented William to say it was the physician's order no one should be admitted to my room for some days but my aunt and my servant.

“The next day the good lady told me, “my friend rejoiced at my recovery, and was hurt at the physician's interdiction; but as his anxiety was in some degree done away, he
seized

seized the opportunity of visiting his brother in Berkshire, and hoped in a few days to return and embrace *the friend of his heart.*" Well, Sir, I bore even this without madness or curses, I had determined on my plan, and the spirit of vengeance supported and accelerated my recovery.

"I made my will, settled all my affairs, and gave the whole of the mother's fortune to her poor unoffending child; but not a shilling of my own property. In confidence I made my aunt acquainted with the irreparable injury I had sustained, besought her protection of the child, and that unless the Major should claim her, which was very unlikely, that she would never let the secret transpire.

"I sent to my bankers, got letters of credit for considerable sums; at the same time giving my servant such directions in case of my death, as would save trouble to him and others.

"The moment I found myself in a condition to travel, I told my aunt, who had at my request again assumed the management of my house, that I was going to pass a few days at Richmond. She approved my design, certain
that

that she could depend on the care and fidelity of William.

“ I instantly departed for the neighbourhood of Lord R***’s seat, and heard the *honorable* Major was with him, and also that he rode out every morning, frequently alone. The very next morning after my arrival I saw the villain pass, attended only by one servant.

“ My blood boiled,—my brain was on fire, my pistols were prepared, and I lost no time in pursuing him. I overtook him in a narrow lane,—with a voice almost choaked by my emotions, I cried out, “ Stop, Major!” he turned, he saw me, and I believe was irresolute whether to spur on, or meet me, for I saw the trembling wretch change colour. “ Words “ are useless,” I cried, “ here are pistols, take “ your choice, you know the alternative.”

“ Unfashionable husband!—selfish friend!” “ cried he, with a smile so insulting so horrid, that I could bear no more, but leaped from my horse;—he did the same, we took the ground, fired together, my ball entered his breast, he dropped without a groan!

“ Stay

“Stay by your master,” said William, “I will send immediate help.” “We rode back to the village, William called upon a surgeon and bid him hasten to the spot, and then followed me.

“Vengeance was appeased, the tumults in my soul subsided, a gloomy pleasure took possession of my heart, and I mechanically followed the advice of my faithful servant; perfectly careless what became of myself now. I had destroyed the wretch who had murdered my peace.

“We embarked for France, from thence I travelled thro’ Germany, and proceeding to Switzerland, I proposed stopping some time at Lucerne. Alas! Sir, the black and tempestuous passions which had hurried me on to revenge, by degrees subsided, remorse succeeded,—I had sent a guilty wretch to appear before his Maker, polluted with crimes of the greatest magnitude. I shuddered at the idea. Then the poor deluded penitent, Maria, appeared in her dying agonies, beseeching me not to seek for vengeance as “I valued her eternal peace.”

“In

“In short I grew melancholy, miserable, and almost detested life;—both my heart and my conscience told me the base hypocritical betrayer was unworthy to crawl upon the earth,—but yet the death of a man, once so very near to my heart, hung heavy on my spirits.

“But *you*, even *you* must pity, if not exonerate me;—think of my injuries,—the wife I adored, the friend I cherished, both, both basely betrayed me!—the child I doated on, and held to my bosom with parental fondness, was the offspring of guilt, of treachery unexampled!

“Such is my story, young as I am, you see me cut off from every hope of happiness, eternally tormented with horrid images, agonizing retrospections which render life a curse, embitter every hour of my existence, and well justify that despair you so severely condemned.”

“I cannot allow of your conclusion,” said Hervey, when Manners had finished his story, “I own your injuries have been very great, such as in the eyes of mankind might sanction
the

the vengeance that fell on a wretched guilty man; tho' in the eye of Heaven the fatal effects of intemperate passions must ever be condemned. But recollect, that the rash action you was driven to commit by the fever of your soul, on cool reflection stands condemned by your *conscience*, which is not to be hoodwinked by the customs or opinions of mankind. 'Till then you were the injured sufferer; you were wounded deeply by the crimes of others, but self-reproach and remorse did not aggravate your misfortunes,—*those* you drew on yourself.

“Yet, God forbid, but that repentance should atone, and your provocations have some weight in the balance against your crime, when the frail nature of man is considered, so rarely endued with fortitude to struggle against the impetuosity of the passions; and I trust you can have no cause to “despair,” or indolently resign yourself to hopeless misery.

“Many fair prospects may yet open to your view, many happy days be allowed to chase away the sorrowful remembrance of past sufferings,—and tho' you cannot possibly forget

get "that such things have been," yet time and circumstance will meliorate affliction, and repentance throw a veil over the rash moment which involved you in the crimes of others."

"Ah! Sir," cried Manners, "the heart that has been pierced so deeply as mine, can never taste of happiness again! Believe me, it has been no small effort of reason, no inconsiderable struggle between religion and a detestation of life, that has enabled me to carry about this load of affliction thro' a long journey, and into different countries, without deriving one moment's peace, and scarcely a temporary amusement to lighten the grief, the corroding pain, which is fixed in my heart."

"Well," answered Hervey, "we will no longer dwell on this melancholy subject; I offer you all the consolation that a man whose fortitude has been superior to adversity may be entitled by experience to bestow; and whose conduct, will be found to justify his precepts.

"I offer you a residence for some time in this mansion of peace; that time to depend upon your own exertions to recover the activity

activity of your mind, that you may not be carried down the stream of indolence, which at your time of life would prove fatal to every virtue, unpardonable in the sight of Heaven, and injurious to the duty you owe to society."

"I accept your hospitable kindness with gratitude," replied Manners, "you shall not find me incorrigible, or, I hope, inattentive to your lessons, and if I cannot profit by them, at least accuse only the *weakness of my heart*; for my inclination and judgment are at your discretion."

CHAP.

C H A P. IV.

"A life of independence, is a life of virtue and happiness."

THE philosophic inhabitant of the wood exerted all his powers to amuse, instruct, and strengthen the mind of his young guest. He found a fruitful soil implanted by nature, for the attainment of every virtue; but the superficial knowledge he had acquired at Eton, was by no means favourable to the practice of it.

Those who know the vices and follies which predominate in all great seminaries, know also, that after attaining some branches of education, it becomes highly necessary for a good tutor, or attentive parents, to correct the judgment, the passions, and the habits unavoidably contracted by bad examples in their
juvenile

juvenile companions; and not unfrequently, young persons are seduced into evil habits from an imbecility of mind, unable to stand the test of opposition, or the force of ridicule from their less scrupulous intimates.

Such being the common consequences of all public schools, the morals and manners must be left to the careful and judicious hand of a subsequent preceptor,—of such an advantage young Manners had been entirely deprived, by his inconsiderate and unfortunate marriage; and, devoted to his wife, all his wishes were to promote her happiness; all his pursuits, every hour, was given to plan amusements for her, and join his insidious friend in parties of gaiety and pleasure.

His affectionate and prudent aunt had ventured several times tenderly to remonstrate with him on the frivolity of his conduct, and his total neglect of every thing that could tend to the information of his mind. He heard her always with respect and self-conviction; he promised “he would learn to think and improve the seeds of knowledge implanted when at school.”

But,

But, alas! hurried away by love, fashion, and dissipation, he had no time for study, for reading dry musty books; the great volume of mankind was before him, gay, agreeable, and trifling, and their allurements to pleasure were infinitely more captivating than the invitation of moral philosophers to study wisdom and practice self-denial.

Thus deluded and hurried away by the vortex of fashion, this unfortunate young man gave up his whole soul into the hands of his wife and his perfidious friend; nor could any thing less than the dreadful confession of that unhappy woman, have awakened him from his delusive dream of security and happiness, of love and friendship.

The consequences that followed are less to be wondered at than lamented. When we reflect on the nature of his injuries, "*there*, where he had treasured up his heart," where love and friendship had placed unlimited confidence, there to meet such perfidy and ingratitude, was indeed sufficient to sting the soul into madness, and hurry it beyond all bounds of reason and controul.

Providence

Providence had preserved him from imminent dangers, and had conducted him to that spot where he was overheard by Hervey; the only man, perhaps, who was entitled by experience, a thorough knowledge of the world, and a patient resignation to the injustice of individuals, to offer that advice and instruction so highly important and necessary to this unfortunate young man.

A week passed rapidly away, every day brought a diversity in their walks, their amusements, and their labours. Hervey cultivated his own garden, and two small enclosures he had made with infinite toil, to keep a cow and a large quantity of poultry. He was never unemployed, for if the weather prevented him from going out, he had a small but well chosen number of books; he played on the violin, he taught his daughter drawing, he instructed her in history and geography, and the evenings were passed in music, reading, or piquet.

Manners accompanied him, with admiration and reverence, in all the variety of his employments; he blushed at his own deficiencies, and

and eagerly sought improvement from this, to him, most extraordinary man. Convinced that he must have resided in the world, and mixed with the very best society, no common accidents he thought, could have induced him to retire from it to a spot so solitary; much less to conceal his daughter, at her age, from all knowledge of mankind.

But on the subject of his own affairs Hervey was profoundly silent; and however ardent the spirit of curiosity in his guest, he was compelled to restrain it, lest he should give offence and be driven from the hospitable mansion where he experienced consolation, and from conversation from whence he drew every hour instruction and delight.

The lovely Christina was no less an object of interest and admiration than her worthy father; she had not that dazzling beauty which had before now so unhappily seized upon his senses,—she did not captivate at first sight, but she grew daily more fascinating; those charms which were not obtrusive, stole gently into the heart and irresistibly engaged the affections.

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Her tender duty to her father, her accomplishments, and domestic arrangements, were equally to be admired; and tho' no brilliant sallies of wit flowed from her lips, sentiments the most pure and elegant, cheerfulness the most unaffected and delicate, presided over every word and look when in the presence of her father.

Manners however, had at times observed a thoughtfulness, a kind of tender concern steal over her features when Hervey was absent; that led him to believe and fear, cheerfulness was not the real inmate of her bosom, however naturally assumed in his company; but if she caught the eye of Manners fixed on her face at such times, she would hastily recover a placidity of countenance, and enter into conversation with an easy freedom, as if "all was at peace within."

The little girl who assisted her in her domestic concerns, was an orphan they had taken from a neighbouring village, whose parents had once lived decently above the common peasantry of the country; but whose habitation, by some accident taking

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fire, the unfortunate father, in his endeavours to save his little property, perished in the flames; and his unhappy wife was deprived of reason, and obliged to be confined. This tale of woe reached the ears of Mr. Hervey, and he took charge of the orphan, then but five years old.—She had been brought up with tenderness, and treated like one of their family. Gratefully sensible of her obligations, she adored her benefactors, and the study of her life was to obey and oblige them.

This affecting proof of the benevolence of his host encreased the esteem and respect of Manners for the worthy father and his charming daughter; and he had passed three weeks in their society, without being sensible of the solitude in which they were immersed, or feeling any regret after the tumultuous pleasures of the world.

But his tranquillity was of short duration; a lively susceptible heart weaken'd by tenderness, grief and despair, feelingly alive to the power of beauty, and a witness every hour to some new charm that gave it additional

ditional graces, could not long defend itself from fascination, and a passion, if possible, more ardent than ever he had before experienced.

Insensible to the dangerous indulgence of what he called the most perfect esteem, he did not choose to investigate the nature of his sentiments; because he believed it to be a thing impossible that he should ever love again after having suffered such misery from an ill placed affection, and confidence so cruelly betrayed: But there were eyes of discernment that penetrated thro' the veil he had thrown over his own judgement, and those of Mr. Hervey pierced into his soul.

Alarmed at a discovery of emotions which he ought to have foreseen might naturally rise in the bosom of a susceptible young man, he trembled at the danger to which he had exposed his daughter; and tho' on the most strict scrutiny into her behaviour, he saw nothing that could justify an apprehension of an attachment on *her* side, he was convinced that it was necessary to put

an immediate conclusion to this dangerous intimacy which militated against his views and inclinations.

He had passed a sleepless night in forming measures to get rid of his guest, without an appearance of rudeness or caprice. After having given an invitation limiting his residence with them to his own choice, on what pretence could he require his absence, when he seemed so perfectly satisfied, and when his conversation and respectful demeanour, entitled him to an increased regard?

Only one way to answer his wishes appeared likely to succeed, which was to announce to him the engagements he had made for his child: tho' it was very repugnant to *his* feelings to disclose circumstances he knew must recal many painful ideas such as he had long struggled to subdue by the exertions of reason and fortitude, besides the unpleasantness of committing himself to a stranger.

An anxiety not usual with him, had its effects on his countenance in the morning;—Manners observed it with a mixture of surprise

surprise and concern. After breakfast they walked into the garden, Hervey still silent; the other began the conversation by admiring the beauty of the morning, the serenity of their lives, and the tranquillity which the sons of nature enjoyed in cultivating the earth with minds undisturbed by all the wild irregular desires which reigned in the bosoms of those who lived in the gay tumultuous world.

"True," replied Hervey, "the humble shepherd, the industrious farmer, have no wishes beyond the boundary of their simple domains; health and industry afford to them every enjoyment of life—but then, *they were born* in the lap of frugality; accustomed from infancy to work, and to form no ideas separate from their flocks and their fields.

"The perfect content they enjoy, can never be felt by those who have mixed with society in great cities, who have revelled in the dissipations of the world, and tasted every luxury that riches can bestow.

“The bounteous Creator has, indeed, graciously benign, bestowed his gifts indiscriminately on the whole race of mankind:—The glorious sun, the mild radiance of the moon, the varying seasons, and the beautiful face of nature, smiles on the peasant equally as on the king.

“’Tis the passions, the indulgencies and follies of man that have marked the difference between them; and while those gifted by fortune riot in the luxuries of wealth, which are productive of disease, inquietude, lassitude, and the most baneful passions, the sons of nature and of temperance, accustomed to labour, to exercise, and to a boundary of their wishes, strangers to the artificial wants of pride and indolence, enjoy health, vigor, peace of mind, and that tranquillity of soul, unknown to the pupils of the gay world; and never attainable by the votaries of dissipation and fashion.”

“Pardon me,” cried Manners, “if I cannot absolutely subscribe to the infallibility of your thesis. I do not think it possible that the happiest of your mountain peasants can taste
more

more true satisfaction in the culture of his fields, in the care of his flocks, than I do, when assisting you in your customary occupations in the garden, and in the fields; and returning warm and active by exercise, to enjoy the delightful hours devoted to instructive conversation, and innocent amusement.—No, 'tis impossible that the happiness of an illiterate peasant can equal mine.”

“You are deceived,” returned Hervey, gravely, “a fondness for variety, new scenes, and new ideas, may occupy and delight the mind for a time; but believe me, the man who has lived in the world, who has youth, fortune, and connections to make him a desirable member of society, that man will in a short time droop over the still tranquillity of a country life, and feel that vacuum in his mind, that listlessness in his disposition, which only can be removed by activity and society.

“I already blame myself for having detained *you* so long in this solitary spot. I flatter myself that you have so far profited by the lessons of experience, as to have cast from

your mind for ever, that gloomy despair so unpardonable in the sight of heaven.

“ You have duties to fulfil on earth; you have the power to atone for former errors, by future benefits. You have youth and riches; you can feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and help the widow and fatherless. 'Tis by such duties you must ensure tranquillity to your mind, and evince your gratitude to your creator, who has given you those riches in trust for others; who has lately preserved you from destruction in the most signal manner. To waste the gay season of your youth in unprofitable indolence, is a crime against the bounties of heaven; and I should ill deserve the name of friend, if I preferred my own gratification, by keeping you here, to the claims of the unfortunate who may derive benefit from your fortune, and the lessons which affliction must have engraven on your heart.”

“ What then!” cried Manners, inconceivably surprised and shocked, “ what then, do you wish me to leave you?—have I been inattentive to your instructive lessons?—have

I been idle, or have I unknowingly offended you, that you desire to drive me from you?"

"I have nothing to accuse you of," answered Hervey, "on the contrary, I have the most perfect esteem for you that our short acquaintance can warrant: 'tis that esteem which dictates to me, *my* duty, and *your's*. Your superficial knowledge of mankind made you the dupe of an artful young man, who got rid of an intended marriage, disagreeable to him merely from a spirit of caprice and contradiction, at your expence, by the forfeiture of your honour, and the sacred rights due to your hospitable entertainer, whose views you were no stranger to.

"This first error of youthful impetuosity was followed by another, still more weak and unpardonable, that of separating you from your aunt; and permitting a gay young man, with the additional charms of a red coat and cockade, so irresistible in the eyes of some women, to become almost an inmate of your house.

"I would not," continued Hervey, "recal those unpleasant circumstances to your recollection, with the unhappy consequences

attached to them, but that I hope you have acquired firmness of mind to profit by painful experience, and fortitude to bear those evils that are past remedy, and to endeavour henceforth to regulate your conduct as becomes your character and situation in life.

“You told me that you expected letters to meet you at Lucern: you have not yet heard from your good aunt, who must undoubtedly have suffered much affliction on the receipt of your letter, announcing the fatal event, that drove you from your country. Have you no curiosity to know the consequences that followed? how can you be certain that the Major was actually killed? he might fall without being mortally wounded.”

Manners, who had listened with much emotion, and no small impatience, for some time, here cried out eagerly, “No, no, he *could not escape with life*; the contents of my pistol were lodged in his body, he fell to rise no more! But why, why, harrow up my soul by this useless and painful recognition of events that I have been endeavouring to blot from

from my memory?—Is this the office of a friend?"

"Most certainly," replied Hervey, "all my arguments have tended to render those events useful lessons that may influence your future conduct, not to obliterate the remembrance of them: Our errors ought not to be forgotten, but recollected as beacons to warn us from the same dangerous paths that have heretofore proved so fatal in our journey thro' life."

"Well," said Manners, sighing, "I am to conclude from all this, that *you* think I ought to go to Lucern; that you wish me to leave you."

"Yes," returned Hervey, "an active life best befits your age; solitude will beget indolence, and a vacuity of mind dangerous to youth, because it enervates them, and renders them incapable of great or good actions. In truth, my young friend, 'tis time *we should separate*, without entering into any further discussions on the subject. I will accompany you to the neighbouring village, procure you a guide and horses to Lucern. You have
letters

letters of credit, and they will always prove passports to recommendation. Those mountains, the precipices from which you so miraculously descended unhurt, are parts of Mount St. Gothard; to ascend them from this side of the country would be attended with infinite toil and danger, nor is it necessary, as going a safer road will not make more than three leagues difference."

"I knew not," said Manners, mournfully, scarce knowing what answer to make, "I knew not that you ever went to the village you speak of, or conversed with any one—this retreat of your's is not then quite so solitary as I was led to believe."

"On the skirts of this wood," returned Hervey, "and at the entrance to the village, five miles from hence, stands a convent, the Abbess of which is related to my Christina, by her beloved and ever to be regretted mother. 'Tis thro' her interest I shall procure you every accommodation that you can wish for. The Confessor to that holy asylum is a worthy man, he will assist you to the utmost of your desires."

"I

"I see," said Manners, with some degree of haughtiness and asperity, which the other did not chuse to notice, "I see that you have formed *your plan*, and as it seems I have intruded too long on your hospitality, I am ready to accede to it whenever you please—to-morrow,—to-night."

"No," replied Hervey, coolly, "not *this day*, to-morrow, if the weather is favourable, I will attend you."

The other made no answer, he was lost in a painful reverie; the form of Christina stood before him, and the idea that he should see *her no more*, gave a sudden pang to his heart, and discovered to him a secret he had been wilfully blind to—that he was again become susceptible of love; and that only disappointment and despair were attached to the passion he had so insensibly nourished in his bosom.

Silent and dejected he returned to the house; the conversation of Hervey seemed insupportably tedious, and only drew from him monosyllables, often not analogous to his sentiments. The penetration of Hervey was not at a loss to deduce the nature of his feelings;

feelings; he saw and pitied the conflict of a too sensible heart, and felt little less pain in the infliction of sorrow, than poor Manners experienced from the contrariety of emotions that distracted his breast.

The amiable Christina caught the contagion of melancholy that presided over the features of her father and his guest; she saw something had happened to give uneasiness to both; yet her beloved parent spoke to Manners with an air of affection, and a voice of tenderness; the other was respectful, but his answers were constrained, his conversation not voluntary, and his looks dejected.

It was the first cheerless meal they had passed together, and when it ended, Manners withdrew to the garden, unable any longer to conceal the anguish of his soul, or bear the tender scrutiny of Christina's eyes.

Hervey seized the opportunity to inform his daughter, that their young guest would leave them the following day to proceed on his travels. A glance he threw on her, as he left the room immediately on the communication, convinced him beyond a doubt, that

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her heart sympathised with poor Manners, and that he had been guilty of an irreparable error, in domesticating those two young people together, whose amiability of persons, and unison of minds, candid, open, and unsuspecting, might naturally have attracted mutual regard. He deplored the consequence of his imprudence, but had only now to separate them as speedily as possible.

Mean time Manners had been revolving on the conduct of his host, and began to think that he too might have discovered the secret, until that day not developed to himself. This idea inspired him with hope, "Perhaps," said he, mentally, "knowing my fortune and rank in society, he may believe I would not condescend to marry a young woman brought up in obscurity, and apparently without fortune; and therefore 'tis that he drives me hence, fearing the lively promptitude of my passions.

"Ah! he little knows how much I have profited by his conversation and knowledge, and how greatly I admire his charming daughter,—such a companion in an elegant retirement would bound all my wishes, make me
full

full amends for the misfortunes of my life, and enable me to look with contempt on all the frivolous amusements that debase our minds in great capitals."

Young and sanguine, he instantly realized his ideas, and beheld himself in possession of happiness and Christina, when from this pleasing illusion he was roused by the approach of Hervey. Ideal happiness had given him courage, he met his friend with a sparkling eye, and an animated countenance that spoke volumes and astonished Hervey before he addressed him.

But when the ardent lover entreated his patient ear, confessed his love, and offered either to present Christina, as his wife, to the world of fashion, or to renounce it for ever and live with them in any part of the globe, to make any settlements, and to submit his future conduct to the directing hand of his friend and father;—when inspired with love and hope he grew eloquent, and pursued his point with an eagerness which discovered that his whole heart was in the subject;—what an instantaneous gloom pervaded the features of Hervey!—

Hervey!—In a voice marked by uncommon austerity he asked, "*And have you, Sir, made these offers to my daughter,—is it with her consent you make such proposals to me?*"—"No," answered Manners, almost petrified with his severe air, "no, I have not presumed to address the lovely Christina without first obtaining your permission to do so; nor 'till this day, that the fear of a separation unfolded to me the fervent affection that has possession of my soul, did I investigate truly the nature of my sentiments.—I ask only permission to attach myself to her, and endeavour to gain her valuable heart; if successful I shall be the most fortunate of mankind, but if her sentiments are not in my favour, ah! then drive me from you, I will no longer intrude on her or you."

"Unhappy young man!" cried Hervey, with a groan that startled Manners, "what a variety of disappointments will the impetuosity of your passions draw on your head! how variable that mind that can so soon forget what you have suffered by a too hasty, ill-placed affection; and plunge again headlong into the
same

same gulph that so lately threatened to destroy your peace and eternal happiness!

“From my very soul I pity you, but take care, do not force me to despise you:—resume yourself, shake off this weakness of a susceptible heart,—this illusion of the senses.—Travel, see the world, acquire knowledge;—seek to improve your understanding and mature your judgment. You are a stranger to yourself, you have every good seed that may tend to a growth of virtue, but you submit blindly to the impulse of passion, and your best propensities are thrown into the shade.

“Poor Manners!” added he, in a softer tone, and taking his hand, while the other stood motionless and passive, “think me not a severe monitor, or an unfeeling man; I have truly a regard for you, I even look forward to a meeting some time hence, when you will feel inclined to do justice to the motives of my conduct, tho’ it now militates against your wishes, and appears to you unreasonable.

“My young friend, *you must depart to-morrow*, I rely on your honour that you will not communicate to Christina your sentiments

timents in her favour, or one word of this conversation."

"Fear me not, Sir," answered he, in a voice choaked by grief, pride, and resentment, "this heart shall burst before you shall accuse me of inhospitably seeking to ensnare the affections of your child, nor will I intrude longer when convinced I am an unwelcome guest. *Your orders,*" and he said the words haughtily, "Your orders shall be obeyed, I *will* depart tomorrow.—Why not this instant?—there is time to reach the village before night."

"Still rash and hasty," said Hervey, taking hold of his arm, "my young friend, you think me unkind, inhospitable, and rigid; some time hence, *if you please*, you shall know me better, it shall be your own fault if we do not correspond thro' the good father I will introduce you to; and to justify my conduct, in some degree, know, that *Christina is engaged.*"

"Engaged!" repeated Manners, "Yes, engaged from her earliest infancy." "How,—you! you form engagements for your child before the dawning of reason!—Arbitrary, compulive

compulsive bonds that fetter the innocent unsuspecting mind, before the heart can make its election!—Heavens! how am I deceived in you!—but does the devoted Christina, does she approve?”

“Excuse me,” said Hervey, interrupting him, “I am not accountable to any man for my actions, nor is it necessary to speak further on the subject;—the destiny of my child is fixed, and ’tis to spare you and myself future inquietude that I am compelled to relinquish the pleasure of your society sooner than I wish, but not *too soon* for your repose and honour.”

“I submit,” returned Manners, with a sigh he could not repress, “whatever becomes of me, may the most perfect happiness be the portion of the lovely Christina.”

Hervey turned from him and walked hastily forward, but in a few moments stopped and looking back saw his unhappy guest leaning dejectedly against a tree, he returned to him.

“You give me pain,” said he, in a faltering voice, “the sensibility of your heart is a misfortune that requires the exertions of reason and fortitude to counteract, and render it a blessing

blessing to yourself and others, Rouse yourself from this enervating weakness, and learn to *govern* your feelings, if you cannot *subdue* them.

“ Ah!” cried Manners, “ with what facility can a mind at ease *give* advice, but how difficult for the wretched to *follow* it:—But I have done, the effort shall be made, and as you have promised that if it be not “ my own fault, I shall know you better,” I will endeavour to deserve your confidence ; I will try to act agreeably to the lessons you have inculcated, and I will bear the load of life with patience and resignation to that divine Providence which has doomed me to be a wretch for ever.

“ Unjust and impious conclusion!” cried Hervey, “ Heaven has been most bountiful to you, has formed you to taste every rational felicity; 'tis your passions that have overthrown——” “ Spare me,” said Manners, hastily interrupting him, “ you have already said all that is necessary on that subject,—let me leave you as a *friend*; sooth at least the sorrows that oppress me, let me have the consolation

folation of carrying with me your affection and compassion, that gratitude may stimulate me to deserve your esteem."

Hervey warmly embraced him—"forgive me," said he, "the pain I have occasioned you this morning; assure yourself of my regard and good wishes. I leave you to recover *your* composure, and also my *own*. Believe me, you have fellow sufferers in misfortune; but complaints are beneath the dignity of man: patience and fortitude are the duties of a christian." With these words impressively pronounced, he quitted Manners, and returned to the house.

Afflicted and disappointed, Manners looked after him with a mixed sensation of resentment and admiration. Deeply as he had wounded him, much as he was mortified by his reproofs, there was a superiority in his looks, a dignified composure in his air and manner, that inspired esteem and reverence.

No common causes, he thought, could have driven such a man from society. The silence he had persevered in, respecting his family and former situation, had been so imposing,
that

that it was impossible to ask him a single question; and tho' Manners had very frankly committed himself, it had not produced reciprocal confidence; and this reserve, in a mind so much superior to any he had ever met with, impressed a respect and consideration that effectually precluded impertinent curiosity.

"To recover composure," repeated Manners, "Yes, when memory is lost, when apathy has taken hold of my feelings, and old age has laid its icy hand on my senses, then I may regain composure, and taste of tranquillity; but before that so much dreaded period can arrive, my tumultuous heart will cease to beat."

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

"Grief is not to be dispelled hastily, nor will it easily yield to the cold and unfeeling sentiments of comfortless philosophy."

HE walked slowly to the house, at the door he met Christina, she was going into the garden for a salad, they both started, "are you not well?" asked she, with an air of tender solicitude, "O, no," replied Manners, quite thrown off his guard, "I shall never be well again; yet I must leave you to-morrow."

"Leave us to-morrow!" she repeated with much emotion, "you are ill, yet "you leave "us to-morrow!" "*It must be so,*" returned he, with a look that made the timid Christina throw her eyes on the ground, "I hope then," said she, hastily passing him, "I hope you will recover health and happiness."

Manners

Manners looked after her for a moment, then turning into her "fairy parlour," he threw himself into a chair so greatly agitated, that for some moments his senses forsook him; and when recollection returned, he saw only the lovely interesting Christina, her voice dwelt on his ear, her words were imprinted on his heart.

He remained alone for some time, he looked round the room ornamented with her drawings, decorated by her hands with shell-work, artificial flowers, and many tasteful embellishments; and whilst his eyes devoured those proofs of an elegant cultivated genius, busy memory repeated, "Christina is engaged!" He started from the chair, caught up a small bouquet of roses and lillies, which he put into his bosom, and flew to his own apartment, unseen by any one.

This was not the day on which Christina entertained company in her own room; his theft therefore could not be observed, and he triumphed in possessing those flowers formed by her fancy, and executed by her hands.

They met at the usual hour to supper; it was no longer the chearful meal of animating conversation, and reciprocal pleasure: a silent dejection pervaded every countenance, and when either of them was prompted by necessity, or a wish to relieve the general inquietude, to break the painful silence, it was evidently an exertion that did violence to the feelings of the heart.

The lovely Christina agitated by unusual emotions, scarcely able to define the nature of these agitations, yet oppressed by the sorrowful remembrance that Manners had said, "he should never be well again," and that probably, nay almost assuredly, this was the last meal they should ever partake together, placed the painful tenderness that filled her bosom, and the tears that stood trembling in her eyes, to compassion for a young man, whose early disappointments in his journey thro' life, threatened to embitter every succeeding hour of his existence.

Alas! the amiable, unsuspecting girl, was not conscious that *her heart* participated in his misfortunes—that she was deeply interested in

in every sigh that issued from his breast—and that involuntarily her own feelings were responsive to his. A stranger equally to the emotions and language of love, she knew not the nature of her own sentiments; nor could divine the source from whence sprang the extreme sorrow and distress that were visible in the features of poor Manners, and appeared to distract his mind.

Hervey saw their mutual concern, and felt, if possible, more anguish than he had inflicted. He made several efforts to engage in conversation, and divert his young auditors from the indulgence of secret grief; but his heart was not on his lips—his words were forced, languid, and uninteresting. Slight monosyllables, and silent acquiescence, were all he could obtain from either.

In this cheerless way passed the hours that heretofore had been enlightened with conversation, that tended equally to entertainment and improvement. They separated early, and Manners retired to his apartment, in his own opinion the most wretched of mankind.

After a sleepless night, he arose with the first dawning of day. He had few preparations to make for his journey—the kindness of Hervey had supplied him with all the necessaries he had wanted during his abode in that solitude; but his pride revolted against further obligations, unless he might be allowed to repay them in a pecuniary way, and he resolved to accept of no favours from a man, who had actually forced him from his house.

It is difficult to decide against ourselves in an affair of justice and sentiment: Manners felt more indignation than gratitude; he accused his benevolent host of suspicion, caprice, and he was inclined to believe, of tyranny, in engaging the hand of his daughter, before she was capable of discriminating merit; and then excluding her from society, that her heart might make no election, and her person be consigned over, indifferent at least, to the man who at so early a period of life, could not have preferred *her*, either from inclination or esteem.

Occupied by these ideas, he strolled into the garden, where he indulged equal regret
and

and resentment, which worked him up to a degree of frenzy, by a retrospection of past injuries, added to his recent disappointment; and he was found by Hervey, traversing the garden with hasty and irregular steps, and a countenance expressive of the most turbulent emotions.

The intelligent mind of Hervey entered at once into the cause of these agitations; he pitied the weakness of a too susceptible heart under the dominion of violent passions. Not repulsed, therefore, by the forbidding air and cold salute of his guest, he gently seized his arm, "my dear Manners, I came in search of you, I have many things to say that may be useful information to a man travelling in a strange country; let the few hours we are permitted to pass together, afford us mutual satisfaction."

"*Permitted* to pass together," repeated Manners, with a stern and scornful look: "My young friend," resumed Hervey, "do justice to the sincerity of my regard for you; I pity the conflicts of your mind, but I would have you exert the powers of your understanding,

to tranquillize your feelings:—A feeble indulgence of our passions is unworthy of a rational creature, and militates equally against Providence, and that share of reason, which distinguishes man from the animal creation.

“ I blame my own conduct,” continued he, observing the other made no attempt to interrupt him, “ I condemn that reserve in myself which has contributed to your present inquietude.—I ought to have been candid and communicative; but your youth and impetuosity sealed my lips, and I forgot the natural attractions of the heart, the fascination of youth and beauty, when I invited you to remain in my dwelling.

“ Dear Manners, my indiscretion has been productive of much pain and useless regret to *us both*; *I hope it extends no farther*. I have employed myself some nights in tracing on paper the few events of my life, which in their consequences have driven me to make choice of this solitude as the most proper asylum for Christina and myself.

“ When you read my memoirs you will cease to accuse me; you will even respect the motives
that

that now hasten your departure from our society. You will learn that the evils of life are the common lot of humanity, and that we only differ from one another by the use of our reason, by resignation and fortitude to struggle with the ills, incident in some degree or other, to every fallible being."

That same susceptibility which wounded the peace of Manners by exaggerating every evil, operated equally to soften the asperity of his resentment, when thus addressed in a mild and affectionate tone, by a man whose superior air and manner imposed respect and attention. A flood of tenderness overpowered his heart; he rested his hand and his head on the shoulder of Hervey, "Do not despise me," said he, in a voice scarcely audible, "I am the weakest of mankind: Outraged by misfortunes, cruelly deceived and wronged in every tie that entwines about the soul, I have no longer the power to struggle against the feelings of the heart; no strength of mind to appreciate your generous remonstrances and advice; and when I promise to endure a hated existence, it is to ensure to myself a life of wretchedness

that can admit of no ray of hope to illumine my *future* prospects, for all there is dark and cheerless for ever."

"You are then incapable of feeling the noblest pleasures of the soul," returned Hervey, "you are insensible to the delight of raising the suffering heart from distress, of communicating happiness to others, because you have unhappily strayed from the path that leads to it yourself!

"O, my friend, let not the selfish monopoliser, grief, harden your heart and render it callous to the woes of others! Step out of yourself, take a view of suffering humanity in the various towns you travel thro', let your heart sympathize with, and your purse relieve the wretched; enjoy the unspeakable transport of assisting the aged, the sick, the unfortunate, and the desolate widow and fatherless; do this, which with œconomy and discrimination, you have so largely the power to do, and then tell me, hereafter, if existence is no blessing, and if the mind of man was formed only for selfish considerations."

"My

"My friend, my monitor!" exclaimed Manners, "you have conquered my stubborn and ingrateful heart!—Yes, I will fly from myself!—You have exemplified, in your conduct to me, the divine truth, that "man was "not born for himself alone." If I cannot be happy in myself, I will, at least endeavour to make others so; and deduce this advantage from my misfortunes, that the money I might have dissipated in riot and extravagance, shall be devoted to assist the industrious, and soften the rigours that poverty and sickness may inflict on the indigent!—And, oh! may you and your amiable daughter, the too lovely Christina, may you participate of every blessing in life!—may the destiny *so early fixed*, prove to her a source of never-ending felicity!—may the happy man——!"

"Stop," said Hervey, "you are running into an error,—there," added he, taking a parcel of papers from his pocket, "there is my memoirs, read them in your leisure hours, I have been some days copying it from a journal. You will draw from thence an illustration of all my precepts; you will see that diffi-

culties, misfortunes, and perplexing unavoidable incidents, inimical to peace and happiness in this life, are attached to mankind in general.—But I am wearying you by repetitions, let the subject drop,—we will join my daughter at the breakfast table. I need not, I trust, recommend to you to struggle against that seductive tenderness of voice and manner which penetrates thro' a heart of delicate sensibility; *respect her peace*, assume an appearance of tranquillity, and entitle yourself to my esteem and gratitude.”

A heartfelt sigh was the only reply poor Manners was capable of giving utterance to. They entered the room together, and found the lovely Christina seated at the table in a pensive attitude, and with a peculiar air of sadness that clouded every feature. She started on their entrance, and endeavoured to recover her usual composure by busying herself in the preparations for their morning repast. Manners also seemed earnest in his endeavours to repress the emotions that swelled to his throat, and choaked his articulation.

Hervey

Hervey was far from being insensible to their mutual distress, and knew how to appreciate the generous efforts of both to conceal their inward anguish, in conformity with his advice.

“One of the most painful occurrences we are subject to thro’ life,” said he, “is yet one of the most common, and therefore ought not, philosophically speaking, to create either surprise or concern—I mean parting between friends, and a necessary separation from those we love and esteem; particularly when the calls of honour, or interest demand the sacrifice.

“Tis a selfish regret surely; but the weakness of the human mind is but too apt to indulge its own wishes and views, independent of what is due to the situation, and indispensable duties of others.

“This faulty self-gratification,” continued he, throwing his hand lightly on the shoulder of Manners, “I cannot wholly divest myself of, now when we are about to lose your society; but I hope, both Christina and myself, have sufficient generosity to prefer
the

the honour and advantage of our friend, to our indulgence.

“Our duties are far apart from each other; you are called upon, by society, by fortune, and the claims it imposes upon humanity and social love, to mix with the world, and communicate happiness to others;—we have no such claims upon us, a mediocrity of fortune leaves little in our power to benefit others; without friends, unknown and unregarded, we have only to slide gently thro’ life, and dedicate our days to the service of our creator, whilst we thankfully enjoy the humble blessings we possess.”

“O!” cried Manners with fervour, “how enviable your destiny! why must the man of affluence be denied participating in your serene pleasures, and be precluded from extending your benevolence to the poor peasantry whose miserable huts surround these, and the neighbouring mountains?”

“I have already spoken my sentiments on this head,” returned Hervey gravely.—Christina arose, the lucid drop trembled in her eye, she could not trust to her voice at
that

that moment, and she assisted her little protégée in clearing the table.

Manners withdrew for a few minutes leaving the father and daughter together.—On his return he prepared for his departure. He observed a fixed composure in the features of the latter, while affection and fortitude seemed struggling for pre-eminence in the countenance of Hervey.

With a faltering step, and repressed emotions that trembled on his tongue, poor Manners advanced to take leave of the lovely maid so dear to his heart, and from whom he was on the point of being separated for ever. He took her hand, kissed it with a sigh that almost burst its prison doors.

“Amiable and ever esteemed Christina, whose virtues and graces I shall *ever cherish in my heart*, adieu!—Adieu, my charming friend, may every possible felicity be uninterruptedly your’s!—may you be as happy as you deserve, and my earnest wishes can make you!—I go without a hope of ever seeing you again; but never will you and your respected father be
absent

absent from my remembrance, or less dear to *my heart* than at this *painful moment*!"

Her hand trembled in his as she gently withdrew it, her voice faltered, when with an inexpressible sweetness she articulated, "Heaven and its holy saints bless and protect you, my good friend; may you find peace and happiness wherever you go!"—She could say no more, the unbidden tear dropped from her eye, and she turned hastily from him to conceal her emotions.

Hervey was not an unconcerned spectator of their mutual agitations, nor were his sufferings much less than their's; for no sorrow is more poignant to a feeling heart than when it pierces the bosoms of those we dearly love.—But tho' his peace was broken in upon, and the tranquillity he had laboured to attain rudely shaken by the effects of his benevolence to an unhappy man, yet he had too much generosity and humanity to regret the assistance he had afforded, tho' he blamed himself for not having sooner checked the growth of a passion easily to have been foreseen in its progress,

progress, had he considered the youth and amiability of the parties.

He lamented the consequences of his own indiscretion, and vainly wished he had separated them sooner; whilst his heart bled for the distress and misery he was compelled to inflict on persons so deserving to be made happy.

"Come, my young friend," said Hervey, taking Manners by the arm, whose eyes and every faculty had pursued the steps of Christina, "come, let us shorten this painful scene, and set off immediately for the habitation of my pious friend; where, tho' in a humble way, you may be accommodated this night, and to-morrow be furnished with every thing requisite for your journey."

Manners turned full upon him without speaking, but his eyes expressed the anguish of his mind; the other felt what he would have uttered, and solemnly led his reluctant feet from that house which contained his heart, and where all his hopes of happiness seemed to be buried for ever.

C H A P. VI.

"Alas! a year of pleasure passes like a fleeting breeze; but a moment of misfortune seems an age of pain."

POOOR Manners followed the steps of his conductor mechanically, for his thoughts were wandering back to the happy hours he had passed with Christina,—in contemplating her thousand graces, her all-accomplished mind, and in the delightful recollection of many more than friendly, many tender instances, in which she had suffered her regard for him to break forth.

After indulging those pleasingly delusive reveries, he was suddenly awakened from them by the voice of Hervey, bidding him beware of a chasm in the side of the mountain they were ascending, which at once brought to his recollection the last parting scene, the sad termination

termination of every hope; and lifting his eyes to the top of the mountain, "'tis there," said he, "that I shall take the last view of that valley, of that earthly paradise, where my angelic Christina resides."

The thought was insupportable, he threw himself on a projecting fragment of the rock, with a deep groan that reached the ear of his attentive friend. He stepped back, "my dear Manners, you give me an infinity of pain, I conjure you to exert your reason and fortitude; at least suspend and repress this indulgence of sorrow, until you have perused my memoir.

"I know example speaks more forcibly to the heart than precept. You have thought me a cold unfeeling moralist, when I have adduced arguments from religion and reason, that militated against the impetuosity of youthful passions. To obtain your good opinion, to prove that I am sincerely your friend, I entrust to you the events of a life embittered by misfortunes, treachery, and undeserved severity. 'Tis to soften your sorrows, that I commit to you the story of mine; and you will there learn the cruel and injurious treatment

ment I have met with from a selfish world, sufficiently exculpates me from the charge of misanthropy; and that *necessity, not choice*, first drove me to fly the "busy haunts of men," "and live sequestered in the bosom of the mountains.

"You will learn also," added he, with a sigh, "that the same stern mandate rules the destiny of my child—that I am the slave, and she is the victim of a too tender anxiety a fond mother felt, who dreaded lest her daughter should experience the same evils that avarice, pride, and obduracy, had inflicted on her, and to which she ultimately fell a sacrifice."

"Forgive me," cried Manners, springing from the ground, "I blush to think how often I have occasion to ask it.—I never saw you thus agitated before—yet if *your* fortitude is sometimes subdued by recollection, ah! pity the weakness of youth; and do not despise me when insensibly I sink under the sorrows that oppress me. Let us hasten our steps, I am impatient to read the manuscript you have so kindly given, as an instructive lesson, to my inexperienced youth.—Hitherto

I have considered myself as the most wretched of mankind."

"Almost every day's observation will convince you that your conclusion is erroneous," replied Hervey, "and that misery can assault us in such various forms, as to stamp every man, in his own limited judgement, as the most unfortunate of his species. But we will wave this subject; and I request that you will not open the manuscript, until you are quietly settled at Lucern. In this instance prove that you can govern your inclinations; and endeavour to amuse your mind by the uncommon bold sublimity of the surrounding scenery."

Manners promised to obey; and soon arriving to the summit of that mountain which was the boundary to the valley, where the humble, but delightful cottage, and its enchanting mistress were placed, he turned, and a few moments contemplated it in silent emotion; then waving his hand, "farewell," said he, "most probably for ever, farewell; may happiness dwell there, and felicity the most perfect, attend thee, my dear Christina, for ever!"

He

He hurried on, and overtook Hervey, who in descending the other side, remarked the various beauties of the prospect on every way they turned. But we shall not dwell with him in description on the wonderful face of nature; Coxe's Letters have already furnished the descriptive novelists with whole pages of beautiful scenery, the repetition of which are now as tedious as a thrice told tale.

We leave our readers therefore, to the fertility of their own imaginations, and the perusal of those most delightful and instructive Letters, while we conduct our travellers safe to the bottom of the mountain, where, resting against its base, stood the lowly dwelling of the good Father, St. Jerome, the Confessor to the neighbouring convent.

On this spot had formerly stood, embosomed in a small wood, a monastery of pious fathers, whose reputation for sanctity, and virtuous deeds, had gained them universal love and reverence. Unhappily, by some means never discovered, one night, in a hot dry summer, the building caught fire, and was consumed to ashes. Several of the unfortunate

fortunate brotherhood perished in the flames. Those who were so lucky as to escape, were received into different monasteries; but Father Jerome, who had been Confessor to the neighbouring convent, unwilling to relinquish his situation, obtained permission to erect a small dwelling, and remain on the spot so dear to him.

They found the good man at home, cultivating his garden. Hervey but very rarely visited him, and never 'till then, introduced a companion; but surprize and curiosity had long since ceased to agitate the bosom of Father Jerome; he received them with courtesy, and a demeanour so gentle and composed, that Manners was struck with reverence, and a prepossession in his favour, before he had uttered ten words.

Hervey lost no time in divulging the cause of their visit; he explained the situation of his young friend, and requested the good father's kind offices, which were as readily promised as freely asked. Eggs, fallads, fruit, and biscuits, were placed before them; and during the three hours that Hervey rested himself

himself, a most pleasing and instructive conversation gave Manners fresh cause to lament the cruel necessity that banished him from the friend he admired, and the lovely girl who was an epitome of her worthy father.

The moment for separating arrived; it was fraught with anguish to both, but Hervey exerted the superiority of his reason and experience, not only to conceal his own feelings, but by his example and language to stimulate and rouse Manners from the sadness that oppressed him; to assume a composure he did not feel, and a fortitude that cost him dear.

"We must part, my good friend," said Hervey, "but I trust our mutual regard will survive this separation.—'Tis possible, tho' the chance is a distant one, that we may meet again—but however that may be, we may correspond if you please; I thought my heart shut against any further concern with the world, but you have again opened the bosom of friendship; pity is mixed with esteem; you are but young, and have suffered severely.

"Your prospects *must* brighten; you have a mind capable of receiving every good impression,

impression, of practising every virtue: The road to happiness is open before you; only avoid the blandishments of vice, and exert resolution and firmness to govern and direct, your passions. And I trust," added he, warmly embracing him, "that I shall one day have the consolation of knowing, the advice and good wishes of a friend, have restored a worthy young man to society, peace, and happiness." As he pronounced the last words, he broke from him abruptly, and darted from the house.

Manners was excessively hurt; he had many things to say, his heart was full; he had not been allowed to make his grateful acknowledgements, not even to send a last kind message to Christina—how cruel—what must *she* think of him?—he must appear cold and ungrateful.

He ran to the door, he saw Hervey at a distance ascending the hill with quick steps; he would have followed him, but the good father, who observing his emotions was close to him, took hold of his arm—"My son return and compose yourself, spare your friend
and

and yourself unnecessary pain; a multiplicity of words are useless, he read your heart, and kindly saved you further distress—imitate his affection and discretion.”

Manners made neither reply nor resistance; he returned to the matted couch he had quitted, and for some minutes remained lost in thought. The other wisely gave way to the indulgence of his reveries—to break in upon the first emotions of grief, shews but little sympathy, and can be attended with no good effect.

The good Father dispatched his little boy, the son of a peasant, and his only attendant, to the neighbouring village, and also with a note to the Abbess of the adjacent Convent; and when this business was performed, and he returned to the room, he found his guest standing at the door, with folded arms, looking on vacancy; for neither the beauty of the Valley, the view of the Convent, whose spires broke thro’ the intermingled branches of the trees that embosomed the building, nor the sweet cultivated spot, which the good Father had laboured to improve round his humble dwelling,

dwelling, had attracted the eyes of Manners; they were turned within himself, and contemplated only sorrow and despair.

The steps of Father Jerome caused him to start, and ashamed of the figure he made before him, he made an effort to open a conversation, which the other gladly supported; and in a short time they insensibly fell upon topics of interest and information that amused Manners, and inspired him with esteem and reverence for his hospitable entertainer.

The remaining part of the day passed off tolerably.—Manners, profiting by the sensible conversation of the worthy Father, felt ashamed of his weak and useless regrets, and resolved from that period to combat with his misfortunes, and bear his troubles and disappointments as became a man of sense, and that resignation due to the dispensations of providence.

Hervey had simply mentioned, that his young friend had been unfortunate:—Father Jerome had too much delicacy, impertinently to enquire into the nature of his afflictions, his discourse therefore was general and diffuse;

and tho' calculated to impress the virtues required of a christian, and the duties he had to perform, firmly on the mind of his auditor, yet there could be no offence taken, as if he was particularly implicated in it, and consequently the observations and pious conversation of the good Father, had the much greater effect.

He retired at night to the simple couch prepared for him—Father Jerome offered no apologies for the homeliness of his accommodations—he gave all the comforts he had to bestow, more could not be desired.

Manners rested very ill, and therefore rose soon after the dawning of day; he found his revered host at his devotions, which he silently attended to without presuming to interrupt. When this first and necessary duty was fulfilled, they had a repast of milk and dried fruits.

“My son,” said the Father, “a horse and guide, to conduct you to Lucern, will be here within two or three hours. I have a small parcel to give you for present expences, until you can present your letters of credit in that city,

city, with three changes of linen, brought by your friend Hervey in his pockets, lest you should, from a too scrupulous delicacy, have omitted to take the accommodations you had of that kind in his house."

"Ah!" cried Manners, "how kind and considerate! and how bitter is the idea, that possibly I may never see my more than benefactor, my friend, the friend of my soul, a second time! O, Father, must such a man, must such an angel daughter, live in obscurity, bloom unseen, and at best be transplanted into hands who cannot estimate the value of the treasure as it deserves!" "How know you that, my son?" demanded Father Jerome.— "Alas!" replied Manners, blushing for his indiscretion, "alas! I have learnt that the young and beautiful Christina, has been engaged from her childhood."

"The good man, her father," returned the other gravely, "acts from a rectitude of mind—a sense of religious duty, that must supercede all other considerations; and his amiable child knows *her* duties, and never will shrink from the performance of them."

He rose, and retired to give some orders to his little servant, but his looks and manner assured his guest that the subject they had spoken on, was not pleasing to him; he therefore checked the murmurings of his lips, and forbore to mention his friends again 'till the horses arrived, and he was taking a farewell of his courteous host.

“ Let me have your prayers, my good Father; and when you see my beloved preserver, tell him, whilst this heart is capable of pulsation, his goodness, and his Christina's virtues, will be ever remembered with love and gratitude.”

He sprang on the horse, after embracing the worthy man, who devoutly bestowed his benediction on him, and received his thanks in return; it was all *he* would accept, for his humble wants needed not pecuniary gratification, and avarice had never crossed the threshold of his small cottage, where religion had planted the tree of content.

C H A P. VII.

"Sorrow and disappointment humanizes the mind, and the only lasting and true pleasure the soul can feel, arises from benevolent actions."

MANNERS had now the world before him—no particular spot was defirable—no local attachments hung about his heart. Wronged by the man he thought his friend, betrayed by the woman he had doated upon; without parents, and knowing but one person who was at all interested for his happiness:—he had quitted his country without any reluctant feelings, without even the smallest wish ever to see it again.

He had travelled with a barbed arrow in his heart, and as he thought invulnerable to the appearance of friendship—to any future confidence in man—and an impenetrable shield, that guarded his bosom from the fasci-

nation of beauty, and the power of the little blind deity, who had already so fatally misled his senses.

But alas! such is the weakness and instability of human nature, that few persons possess that fortitude and resolution, necessary to preserve them from temptations, when addressed to the passions they have been accustomed to indulge. Poor Manners again became a victim to love; he had only changed the object of his sorrow and regrets, and now felt every tumultuous passion, to a more painful degree than he had before experienced, from a conviction that the woman he now adored, was truly deserving of his warmest admiration, and the man who had plunged him into the gulph of despair, was yet entitled to his esteem and gratitude.

The sad events of his imprudent marriage were scarcely thought on, or only remembered when conscience sometimes reproached him, with depriving a fellow creature of life. Christina and her father, occupied every corner of his heart, and he rode over the mountains in a profound silence, and without the least attention

tion to the road, mechanically following his guide.

They had stopt twice on the way, to change horses and get some refreshment; which latter, however Manners might be negligent about, was by no means indifferent to his companion; who whistled and sung as he rode, and regaled himself heartily when there were opportunities for doing it.

It was some time after the sun had sunk below the horizon, that they arrived at a small village situate at the foot of the mountains. A few scattered houses stood on a plain, between several lofty hills; and the inn where they were to pass the night, would not have been very desirable to travellers more fastidious than Manners. But persons, not places, engrossed his ideas; and he was shewn into a wretched room, which he took possession of without a single observation, or any appearance of disgust.

Supper, such as the house afforded, was placed before him; and the first thing he paid any attention to, was being told by the master, that he was sorry such a gentleman must have

a companion in his room, but he had already engaged one of the beds in it, to a sickly looking man, whom he could not persuade to resign it. "Possibly," added he, "if he was called and spoken to with authority, by the gentleman himself, he might be glad to give it up, and sleep in the stables."

"God forbid," said Manners, "that I should drive a person, apparently in ill health, to the stables; his right to a bed supercedes mine, and 'tis *I* that am an intruder upon him—but pray where is he?" "In the kitchen eating an egg, which is all that he has tasted to-day, so that no great ceremony need be used with him, when I shall get so little by him."

"Then pray send him in to me," said Manners, "and charge his supper with mine." This order was obeyed with alacrity, and presently a man, with slow and feeble steps, entered the room. Scarcely had he bowed and lifted up his eyes, before an exclamation of joy and surprize issued, from Mr. Manners, and the invalid fainted on the floor.. It was William—his faithful and much lamented servant,

servant, whom he thought killed by the banditti.

The landlord soon understood who this poor man was, and eagerly assisted Manners in restoring him to life; their endeavours were successful—poor William opened his eyes—“My Master, my dear Master!” cried he, “God be thanked!” His agitations were great, nor were the emotions of Manners less joyful, in recovering a faithful servant, whom he had so highly valued, and so deeply regretted.

William was placed on an old couch, and some warm wine and toasted bread being administered, he appeared much better and more composed; but his considerate master would not let him talk. He briefly repeated his own almost miraculous preservation; and gratefully thanked Heaven that had so providentially conducted him that day, to a place so unlikely to have met with his old domestic, in a situation that wanted every comfort.

William, whose weakness of body was little capable of sustaining any extraordinary emotions of the mind, was sent to bed by his

kind master at an early hour; who determined to stop at that inn, uncomfortable as it was, until the perfect recovery of his servant should enable him to travel on with him to Lucern.

—Nothing could have occurred to Manners, under the pressure of his misfortunes, capable of affording him any ray of comfort, equal to this fortunate meeting with his servant; who having resided with him, from the time he had quitted Eton, was acquainted with every circumstance that had befallen him, and had always been proved trusty and affectionate.—Sleep however did not befriended *him*, 'tho William enjoyed quiet repose, and in the morning appeared to be considerably amended.

After breakfast he attended his master, who was desirous of knowing in what manner he had been preserved from death, the particulars of which he related thus.

“ I heard not the sound of the carbine, nor felt the wound I received, so instantaneously was the deprivation of my senses. When I first opened my eyes, three peasants were busy in restoring me—they had recovered me to
life,

life, had stopped the blood that flowed from my wound, and finding that I could not articulate a word, they contrived to fix me between them, and carried me down the side of the mountain, to a small cottage, built in a hollow, at the foot of it.

“I was received and taken care of by a middle aged woman, whose tenderness and manner, seemed, I thought, much above her condition. Happily the wound I received did not prove mortal; one of the men undertook to cure me, and I was informed he had formerly lived with a village surgeon, and was thought to be wonderfully clever—such I found him.

“Providentially my pockets had not been stript, for the peasants were crossing the mountains when they heard the report of the carbines; they sent forth a loud shout, which 'tis supposed frightened the villains, who made off, while the men following the sound, came to the spot where I lay senseless, tho' not deprived of life.

“The first words I had strength to utter, were to enquire after my dear Master, but not
the

the least information could be obtained on that head, and the hope of your having escaped from the villains, was checked by the fears my preservers expressed, lest you should have been dashed to pieces over the precipices of the mountains. Thus hope and fear alternately disturbed me; but I resolved to proceed on to Lucern, the moment I could travel, and there make every possible enquiry.

“The good woman at the cottage was a most attentive nurse. I learnt that herself and husband had known better days — had once possessed a large farm, but by some misfortunes, which she did not relate, were driven from their paternal residence, and now subsisted on their labour, in that small cottage where I was protected.

“Thank Heaven, and your goodness, Sir, I was enabled liberally to reward my kind friends; and two days since left them, with proper directions for my journey to Lucern, being furnished with a good mule.

“My spirits and inclinations, however, proved to be much greater than my strength; I was obliged to rest on the way great part of yesterday;

yesterday; I arrived here some hours before you, much exhausted with fatigue, and incapable of going farther for the night.

"Heaven be praised! here I have met with my beloved master, though your countenance tells me, you also have been a sufferer from that unfortunate day."

"Yes," said Manners, with a deep sigh, "I have suffered much, tho' not from wounds or illness of body; yet I am not the less sensible of my good fortune in recovering a faithful servant, whom I so long lamented as dead."

He then briefly related the common occurrences and amusements attending his residence with Hervey, and gave just praise to his benevolence and friendly services; but of Christina he spoke with reserve and quickness, as if he wished to drop the remembrance.

William, who was an intelligent fellow, observed this particularity in mentioning the lady, and placed it to the account of the painful recollection of his unworthy mistress; so tenderly and undeservedly beloved by his worthy master.—He did not presume to ask any questions, and sensible only to his own happiness, in being once more under his command,

mand, he seemed to have a renovation of spirits and vigour, which had its natural effects upon his strength.

Two days they continued at this poor hovel of an inn, for Manners was too considerate to comply with his servant's eagerness to depart, till he saw him capable of bearing the journey; which having at length proceeded on by short stages, they arrived, without any accident intervening, in safety at Lucern.

The heavy melancholy that clouded the countenance of his master, greatly afflicted William, who exerted his best endeavours to amuse and serve him. Manners knew well how to appreciate the love and fidelity of his servant; he was acquainted with every unhappy circumstance that had driven him from his country; but the last cruel disappointment attending a fresh attachment, so more deeply rooted and overwhelming, from the merits of the object—was a sorrow too sacred to escape his lips, which never uttered the name of Christina, tho' his heart admitted of no other object for his thoughts to dwell on.

The first evening of their arrival, he retired very early to his apartment, under a pretence
of

of fatigue; but in truth to be at liberty to read the memoir of Mr. Hervey, having with difficulty repressed his impatience to peruse it till the present time.

When the door of his chamber was locked, and the manuscript placed before him, his heart beat quick, and his hands trembled, as he unfolded the packet.—He was going to read the utter extinction of his hopes, the irrevocable engagement of Christina, and the impossibility of his ever regaining peace or happiness.

“Well,” said he, “having nothing to hope, why should I fear to know this cruel imposing decree of parental authority, to which that lovely maid is sacrificed?—Why not seek to find some causes that might justify a man to whom I have a thousand obligations?—Ah, Hervey, you cannot, I ought not to indulge the idea, that you could ever be cruel and arbitrary.—I am unhappy, and therefore possibly I may be unjust.”

He hesitated a few moments, then with a sort of desperate resolution, turned to the first page, and read the following story.

CHAP.

C H A P. VIII.

“ Few virtues have been more praised than Generosity, but few things are more painful to a feeling mind, than to be the object of it.”

The Memoir of the Honorable Mr. DUNFORD.

“ MY father had the title of an Earl in Scotland, but was not a British Peer. His estates were not proportionate to his rank, nor sufficient to support the splendor of family consequence ;—but the vanity of appearances are too frequently the destruction of domestic happiness, where the mind is not strong enough to resist the tide of dissipation ; nor possessed of that fortitude which can soar above the indulgence of pride at the expence of virtue.

“ I was the youngest of six children ; three boys and three girls were the fruits of my father's

ther's marriage with the daughter of an Advocate, who had acquired great riches in the course of his practice ; possibly by the misfortunes and ruin of his clients, or their opposers.

“ My mother had forty thousand pounds on the day of marriage, a sum that appears incredible to be obtained by simple industry and integrity in that profession ; and I have always been the readier to make my conclusions against it, from the disposition of my grandfather, and the means by which this money was idly squandered in a few years, to the gratification of vanity.

“ My mother, elevated to a rank in society so very superior to her expectations, easily forgot the motives which had induced the Earl to marry her—to redeem his estates, and support his title with some respectability.

“ Her father had taken due care of her settlements, and being too much absorbed in self to reflect on what she owed to posterity, she plunged into every dissipation authorized by folly and fashion, until the estates were again mortgaged ; and an accumulation of debts

debts followed, exceeding those which my poor father had been solicitous to clear at the expence of domestic happiness.

“ He remonstrated too late, his lady could not be persuaded to give up one of those “*Indispensable*” indulgencies, so absolutely appropriate to her rank.—Her fortune entitled her to every pleasure, and she was certain of as much more when her father died; therefore what signified mortgaging a few acres more or less, *now*, when sure of being well provided with means to redeem them hereafter.”

“ The Earl, from a consciousness that the lawyer’s fortune would be absolutely necessary to provide for his children, and knowing the unbounded influence his lady held over her father, too timidly gave up the argument; and daily beheld his difficulties encrease, his acres diminish, and a family encreasing every year, without the spirit to make a reform in his household arrangements, or power to check the extravagant expences of his wife.

“ Six children in little more than seven years, were a heavy incumbrance on estates comparatively small to the rank attached to them;

them; and the birth of the three last were constantly productive of fresh mortgages, and increased difficulties, which at last threatened my mother with very unpleasant consequences.

“ Still reluctant to resign one pleasurable indulgence, to lessen the number of her entertainments, or retrench in the establishment that only vanity made necessary, she took the resolution to apply to her father.

“ She discovered to him without reserve, the embarrassment that would in a short time overturn her plan of happiness, if obliged to make the least diminution in the parade of her attendants, or give up those delightful parties where she was accustomed to take the lead with so much gratification to herself, and *reflected honour on him.*

“ My mother well knew the avenue to her father's heart; all his affections were concentrated in her, and his predominant passion, next to accumulating riches, was the vanity of seeing *his daughter* vie with, and outshine every woman of equal, if not superior rank in the country.

“ He

“ He had long known and profited by the Earl’s weak conduct; he had himself, behind the curtain, advanced the monies raised at different periods on the estates; the mortgages were all in his hands, tho’ he did not appear as the ostensible possessor: He therefore heard this long expected confession of difficulties without any of those emotions of surprise and anger she had naturally expected.

“ He censur’d their extravagance indeed, but his resentment was directed against the Earl’s negligence and folly, in neglecting the means to provide for a rising family; for not exerting himself to procure some place or appointment, that would not only add to his income, but give him additional consequence.

“ Here it is necessary for me to observe, that my father was many years older than his lady; he was near forty when he came into the possession of an incumbered estate, two years after he married.

“ My mother was only nineteen, consequently the difference of age, gave her many advantages; added to which, his constitution was naturally delicate, a saturnine cast of disposition

position that caused an habitual idleness; and as continual anxiety for his children affected his spirits, his depression precluded both power and inclination to make any efforts, where activity was requisite,—and thus gliding down the stream of indolence, he was lost to himself, his family, and the world.

“My wary grandfather had been a diligent observer in the family, tho’ he never interfered in its regulations: he saw the Earl’s health decline, and therefore he took every opportunity of securing the interest of his daughter—extending his views for her to a higher fortune, and superior rank.

“When he had finished his invective against the Earl’s supineness, and neglect of family interest, he told my mother, he would consider on the business, and in a day or two call on her Lord.

“She returned in very good spirits, with a much lighter heart, for having so well got thro’ the mortifying detail of family difficulties, and perfectly assured, that her father would extricate them from their embarrassment.

“The

“The following day my eldest brother was taken ill, with all the symptoms of the small-pox—the disorder soon appeared, and was attended with a fever, so dreadful and malignant, as to forbid all hope of *his* recovery, and endanger the lives of the whole family.

“In short, the ninth day he expired;—the same night my father was seized with the fever, and my two younger sisters with the terrible disorder that had proved so fatal.

“The Earl resigned himself to death the first day of his illness, he was persuaded he should not recover. My grandfather was sent for, and after a short consultation, another attorney was ordered to attend, for the purpose of making his will.

“The same imbecility of mind, and weak compliance to the will of others, directed him in this last act of his life—he was persuaded to make my mother and grandfather the guardians of his children, and executors to his will. The house fell to my elder brother, but the furniture, family plate and jewels, were bequeathed to my mother. Three thousand pounds to each of the younger children,

was

was left an incumbrance on the family estate. Those he possessed, that were not entailed, were to be sold, and when the mortgages were discharged, the residue was to be paid into my mother's hands, for the education of her children.

“ My father's fears were realized on the fifth day. So malignant was the nature of the fever, that both my sisters also fell victims to its fatal effects; and thus within three weeks, four persons in one family, were carried to a premature grave.

“ On the first appearance of this disorder, my eldest sister, who was five years old, and myself nearly two, were sent to my grandfather's; we were the favourites of my mother, and possibly by this timely attention, our lives were preserved. By what precautions my mother and my second brother escaped the infection, I know not.

“ My grandfather had now the sole management of all the estates—We were too young to be sensible of our loss in a tender, tho' imbecile father, whose supine acquiescence to the encroaching will of others, plainly demonstrated,

demonstrated, that few vices are more pernicious to domestic happiness, and to the duties we owe to ourselves and the world, than that inactivity which is the rust of virtue, and renders our best purposes useless, if not dangerous, from the great probability of becoming dupes to the artifices of designing men, who can turn them to their own advantage.

“ From this period, until I was twelve years of age, only one event of consequence occurred that is worth mentioning, which was the second marriage of my mother, decidedly against her father's high expectations, with a handsome Colonel in the army; whose only recommendations were his person and cockade—for his birth was not superior to her own, and his fortune lay in his commission.

“ The Countess met with him at Bath, where she went intentionally to captivate a Duke; but the little blind god had bestowed such irresistible charms on the fortunate Colonel, that she forgot the gratifications of pride, and yielded to the soft persuasions of a bewitching tongue and a handsome face.

My

“My grandfather was outrageous at her folly and his own disappointment, and positively declared she should never receive one shilling that he could keep from her; and that James, (which is my name) should be his heir.

“This resentment, which was certainly unreasonable, as my mother had an undoubted right to please herself, gave her but little concern; the settlements his cunning had secured to her, with the additions made by the will, was a fortune sufficient to support her title, and the man she loved.

“Soon after her marriage she claimed my sister as her child and companion; my grandfather felt no inclination to refuse her, though he reserved to himself the care of her fortune. My elder brother was sent to College, and I remained the sole possessor of my grandfather's affections.

“A tutor was engaged for me in the house, and happily for me, he was a worthy and most accomplished man; he engaged equally my love and reverence. I was early taught the respect and gratitude due to my grandfather,

whom I considered not merely as a benefactor, but as my only parent ; for my mother resided in England, and except by a formal letter once or twice a year, she was entirely estranged from me after I had reached my seventh year.

“ This neglect, with the capricious temper of my grandfather, would have been very severely felt, but for the kindness of my tutor ; who himself bore much from the latter’s inconsistencies.

“ I was my grandfather’s darling ; he prided himself on my improvements, boasted of the immense riches I should be master of, and in pursuit of this wealth, so valuable in his eyes, he was but little scrupulous in the methods by which he attained it.

“ Detested, yet feared ; enabled to ensure success to his schemes from the large stake he held in the country, and the pecuniary obligations by which many noble families were fettered, whose estates were inferior to their rank, he lorded it over all with unbounded pride ; he grew every day more avaricious, more captious, and more overbearing.

“ What

“ What I endured from the inequalities of his disposition is not to be expressed. I was taught to believe myself the object of his generosity ; every care, every vexation he met with in the pursuit of his plans for my aggrandizement, were placed to my account ; and I often suffered upbraidings, ill-temper, and indignities, for occurrences in which I had not the least concern.

“ Every day added to my disgusts, and most gladly would I have renounced all future expectations to his fortune, had my own little modicum been in my possession.—But that was locked up until I was one-and-twenty ; and even the interest he appropriated to his own use, to “ reimburse himself a small part of what my education cost him ”—so truly parsimonious was he in the very acts of generosity, with which I was constantly entertained on every trifling expenditure.

“ Dragging on life in this way, with no resources but study, and the improving conversation of my tutor, Mr. Belmont, I at length reached my eighteenth year ; and then after many conflicts between pride and avarice,

he consented that I should go Abroad for two years, "that travelling might polish my manners, and unite the fine gentleman to the man of learning."—Such were the words that conveyed his acquiescence to my wishes.

"He made me an allowance of eight hundred pounds a year, with two hundred for my tutor independent of me.—To many this allowance appeared very trifling, when his large fortune was considered;—but so earnest were my wishes to be emancipated from the slavery I endured, that a much less sum would have been joyfully accepted, when added to the more desirable blessing of liberty;—so painfully had I long felt the *favours of generosity* with which I was literally *loaded*.

CHAP.

C H A P. IX.

"Boasting of the most noble action, diminishes its merit, and a reproached favour becomes an offence.—Indeed, interested benefits are so common, that we need not be astonished if gratitude is so rare."

"I Took leave of my grandfather with so little regret, and with so little appearance of sensibility, that an indifferent spectator would have pronounced me a very ungrateful fellow."

"But I had long endured that slavery of the mind, which is of all others the most painful to a liberal and ingenuous spirit.—Good bargains and an accumulation of riches, were the only topics of conversation; except my obligations to his generosity, the great sums my education cost, the meanness and ingratitude of my mother, and continual admonitions not to disgrace my birth, and the

fortune he designed for me, by low improper connexions, or an imprudent marriage.

“ His last words were, “ Hark ye, James, “ if you behave well, contract proper acquaintance, and marry to my liking, you “ shall have money enough to buy a peerage, “ and outshine your brother. *I shall look out* “ for a wife for you, by the time you return; “ there are Dukes enough in the land who will “ rejoice to give their daughter to one of your “ birth and fortune.—Mind what I say, you “ shall marry a lady, and I will get you a title “ equal with your brother.”

“ But,” added he, shaking a clenched fist at me, “ but if you *degrade yourself*, by the “ Lord, you shall be a beggar, and I’ll give “ my money to build hospitals with.”

“ This characteristic speech, at parting with a grandson, and an adopted heir, must sufficiently delineate the soul of a man, who had no ideas but what centered in ambition and avarice; and that mind must have had but little sensibility, to avoid feeling a degree of contempt, which was incompatible with affection or gratitude.

“ The

"The judicious advice of Mr. Belmont, and the consideration that this narrow-souled man was my grandfather, that his illiberality was constitutional, and that he certainly did love me as much as he was capable of loving any thing besides money, had altogether a proper weight with me, and enabled me to repress a rising indignation, at treatment so unworthy of himself and me.

"Our route was left entirely to the discretion of Mr. Belmont, who had twice visited the Continent in similar situations. I had with great difficulty obtained permission to see my brother, who was nearly of age, and at this period in London, being lately returned from the Continent, where he had been travelling for the recovery of his health.

"It was many years since we met, and tho' we sometimes corresponded, it had never been pleasant to my grandfather, who wished to have interdicted all intercourse between us, and certainly would have done so, but for the remonstrances of my tutor.

"The permission I had so hardly obtained, was fettered by a positive injunction not to

visit my mother, nor stay in London more than *one* week. This most unreasonable command, I received in silence, with a bow of acquiescence, tho' my heart rejected it; but to contend the point would have availed nothing with a man who had obstinately hardened his heart against parental feelings, and was equally deaf to reason, as incapable of tenderness.

"On our arrival in London, a scene of wonders to me, my first care was to find out my brother, whom I longed to embrace; and had indulged my fancy, in portraying our mutual delight in meeting after so many years of childhood had elapsed, that pleasure and surprise must attend on our first interview.

"I easily found his lodgings, which were in Albemarle-Street, and sent up our names, Mr. Belmont accompanying me. We were presently introduced. I was met by a tall elegant young man, whom my heart challenged as a brother; and with an exclamation of joy I was going to throw myself into his arms, when drawing back he held out his hand.

"My

“My brother Dunford, I presume,—
 “James, you are welcome to London! Mr.
 “Belmont I am glad to see you.” Before I
 could recover from my astonishment, (for I
 stood motionless as he slightly shook my hand)
 he turned to a gentleman who had risen from
 a sofa, and leant negligently against the win-
 dow, “Sir William, permit me to introduce
 “my brother, Mr. Dunford.”—“James, Sir
 “William Felton.” The gentleman bowed,
 “My Lord, you do me honour.”—“Mr.
 “Dunford, I am happy to see you.”

“The meeting and introduction was so ra-
 pid, my confusion and surprise so great, that I
 very inarticulately returned some compliment,
 and following their example, seated myself
 quietly in a chair, while my brother proceeded
 with much volubility and non-chalence.

“So, the old miser has permitted you to
 “see London, and no doubt has given you
 “proper introductions to people of the same
 “stamp—has he sent you to study the law,
 “or to see the world?” The air of indif-
 ference towards me, and the contemptuous
 tone in which he named my grandfather,

roused me from my first feelings of disappointment, to some spirit and indignation.

"My stay in London will be very short; I am going to the Continent, and hope to derive much pleasure and profit in my tour, tho' I despair of returning with *your* improvements."

"The gentlemen exchanged looks, Sir William rose, "My Lord I shall expect to see you at four—Gentlemen, I have the honour to wish you good morning." "Nay, pr'ythee Felton, don't hurry off, you know I have an engagement this morning in Berkley-Square, I am going your way."

"Novice as I was in fashionable manners, this hint was too palpable to be overlooked: I got up immediately, "I am sorry I broke in unseasonably upon you, *my Lord*," I spoke the last words with a proper emphasis, "I will take an opportunity of calling once more before I leave town." "Pray do, Mr. Dunford, I usually dine out, being in lodgings, but I shall be glad to see you at breakfast any day—eleven is my hour, whenever it suits you and Mr. Belmont to call." I returned

returned a low bow to this brotherly invitation, and instantly quitted the house.

“When we were in the street, “Well, Mr. Belmont, what am I to think of my reception?—I entered that house with a thousand tender remembrances, and a heart glowing with brotherly love; I have left it with sentiments so different, that I can scarce define the nature of them. Tell me, does travelling narrow the heart and make it dead to all social affections, or have I conducted myself with any impropriety this morning?”

“Neither the one nor the other,” answered he, “my Lord Dunford, I am sorry to see, is a fine gentleman, he is fallen into bad hands; the character of Sir William Felton is not unknown to me, tho’ I was personally a stranger to him; and I have no doubt but he has helped my Lord to money, thro’ the destructive accommodations of usurers, and has his full share of the advantages.”

“The allowance for your brother’s education and support must be very insufficient to keep up his consequence in such company,—he is now within a few weeks of being his
“own

"own master; and tho' a long minority must
"have removed the incumbrances on his
"estates, yet I fear the redemption will be but
"temporary."

"Still," said I, "I cannot find any cause
"for his cool and unaccountable behaviour to
"me." "*I can,*" returned he, "and I am
"sorry to say, because 'tis a reflection on hu-
"man nature, that the treatment you com-
"plain of is the natural consequence attached
"to your situation, as the favorite and de-
"clared heir of your grandfather. There is
"too frequently a selfish principle among
"mankind that generates envy and an unjust
"hatred towards those more favoured either
"by fortune or affection than themselves."

"*You* fall under this illiberality of senti-
"ment; the decided preference given to you,
"tho' unsought for on your side, because you
"were too young to ingratiate yourself at the
"expence of others, has nevertheless rendered
"you an object of envy and dislike. Your
"grandfather's immense fortune was too de-
"sirable to be relinquished without regret,
"and

"and the avowed intended disposal of it, has
"lost you all brotherly affection."

"This explanation at once opened my eyes
and wounded my heart; I felt the injustice of
Lord Dunford's conduct, from believing it
impossible that in a change of situations I
should have conducted myself as he did.

"The fortune intended for me, was com-
paratively but of small value in my eyes; I
had heard so much of it, and knew so well in
what manner much of it had been obtained,
that I felt no great gratification in the idea of
possessing riches that imposed upon me painful
restrictions, and which alienated me from my
family.

"Mr. Belmont saw that I was pensive and
uneasy, and to divert my chagrin proposed
going in the evening to the play. I made no
objection, but I wrote a letter first to my
mother, expressive of my duty and wish to
see her, mentioning the cruel prohibition of
my grandfather, which, tho' imposed, had not
been acceded to by me; and that I could not
think of being in London without availing
myself of an opportunity so desirable, if I had

her

her orders to attend her, which certainly ought to supercede all others.

“There was a kind of duplicity in this business that hurt me, because I had tacitly given my grandfather to believe *his* orders would be obeyed, tho’ nothing was farther from my intentions,—and I blushed before Mr. Belmont when I read to him what I had written.

“When commands are unjust in the letter
“of them,” said he, “and proceed from
“principles that cannot be justified to religion and reason, such as the unnatural resentment against your mother, and the still
“more reprehensible desire of estranging you
“from the duty you owe to a parent,—I confess I see nothing wrong in your intention to
“pay her the respect that becomes your character and her’s; nor any thing censureable
“in that mental reservation you observed
“when unreasonable commands were imposed.—Tho’ there are very few cases in
“which such reservation ought to be tolerated,
“yet I am of opinion that you may stand
“acquitted to yourself and the world.”

“The

"The sentiments of Mr. Belmont were so congenial with my own, that it took a load off my heart, and left me at liberty to pursue my inclinations. I most ardently desired to see my mother and sister, after so many years had elapsed; but the recollection of my reception from Lord Dunford gave me very painful apprehensions of similar treatment from those still nearer to my affections; and this anxiety clouded my mind when I entered the play-house with Mr. Belmont, tho' it insensibly wore off as I grew interested in the scenes on the stage.

"It was at the conclusion of the third act, when a bustle made by some gentlemen on the opposite side of the house attracted my eyes that way, and in the crowd I saw Lord Dunford and Sir William Felton, both, apparently by their behaviour, much inebriated.—Involuntarily I rose hastily, "Let us go round," said I to Mr. Belmont, and instantly darted from the box;—he followed me as I was enquiring my way.

"A very great crowd impeded me in the passage, which at length giving way, I reached
the

the box where the bustle had begun, but which was now empty, and I was informed by a person standing at the door, that Lord Dunford and some young bucks of fashion had quarrelled about a kept mistress of the former, who had deserted him for another, and the company round had obliged them all to leave the box, as they were greatly intoxicated and very riotous.

"I was much concerned at this intelligence, so unfavorable to my brother; but as my interference now was rendered unnecessary, and I had no inclination to hazard an affront at his apartments, I returned to my seat, tho' incapable of receiving much entertainment for the remainder of the evening.

"I do not wonder," said Mr. Belmont, when we got home, "at the ill-health which some time ago drove Lord Dunford to the south of France.—The company he is attached to, and the vices he is drawn into very well accounts for his having been out of health when so young; his constitution, however, seems amended, if he does not want only

“tonly sacrifice it to the shrine of folly and
“the contagion of vice.”

“Bad examples are generally said to be dangerous,—on the contrary, I am convinced, that the scene I saw in that box, the disapprobation and contempt I had heard expressed on all sides for the conduct of my brother and his companions, made a lasting impression on my memory.

“From that moment I resolved to be always on my guard against intoxication, and cautious in my choice of associates; for tho’ the best and wisest might be deceived by pretended virtues and false appearances, there could be no excuse for a voluntary association with worthless men, whose follies were as glaring as the day.

“Such were the good effects of the disgust I received in my first outset in the world.—My heart was ingenuous, my mind not adulterated by a commerce with dissipated characters, and to this early impression I owe that firm perseverance in sobriety which eventually preserved both my health and senses.

“ I

"I passed a sleepless night in various reflections, and arose with much anxiety on my mind for the event of the letter written to my mother. In less than an hour after we had breakfasted, as Mr. Belmont, at my request, was preparing to go out and make some enquiries relative to my brother; I saw a carriage stop at the door with two ladies, the arms on the pannels told me it was my mother's.

"I flew to the door, and before the servant could answer to the demand of their footman, "if Mr. Dunford was at home?" my hands rested on the door, the glass being let down, "My dear mother, permit me to assist you!" she gave me her hand without uttering one word, but I heard my sister exclaim, "Dear James, how happy I am to see you!"

"The moment my mother entered the room, she threw her arms round me as mine were opened to receive her, and I thought *that* the most blissful moment of my life; for I had long been a stranger to all effusions of tenderness,—and her words were as affectionate as her caresses.

"When

“When our first emotions had a little subsided, it was with great concern I observed she looked ill; and tho’ we had parted when I was too young to retain any very strong impressions, yet her features were remembered and kept alive by a picture that exactly resembled her.

“My dear James,” said she, looking kindly on me, “you are a striking resemblance of your worthy father,—may you resemble him also in his many amiable qualities!—He had but one fault,—an habitual indolence and inactivity both of mind and body, that proved the source of numberless evils.

“Would to Heaven, however, that I had had but *one fault* to accuse myself of!—Alas! my errors have been great and many, and I see them too late!”

“Dearest Madam,” cried I, kissing her hand, “do not talk of the past, tell me that you are happy, and believe, that however separated and denied the pleasure of corresponding with you, my heart is warmly interested for your happiness, and feels every sensation that duty and love can inspire.”

“I

"*I am happy,*" said she, "to see that my father has not alienated the affections of my child from me; tho' his cruel interdiction proves *his* heart retains none of that fond affection, an only daughter once possessed, and surely ought not to have lost for one venial error, such I must call it, after having first married to please him."

"But," added she, with a sigh, "if it was an unpardonable folly in his eyes—I have been my own punisher, and resentment should not outlive repentance. I have made many fruitless concessions, many unavailing applications—his heart is obdurate—I disappointed his favourite views, formed by ambition and avarice, and all that fondness he once lavished on me, sunk under the influence of his predominating passions."

"I am sure," said my sister, abruptly, "my grandfather must be of a shocking temper, to keep up such lasting displeasure;—but if *you* offended him, what have my Lord Dunford and myself done to be so shamefully neglected, and excluded from his favour and fortune? We are his grandchildren

"as

“as well as my brother James, and ought to
“be considered as such—unless indeed, there
“are people whose interest it may to keep
“us asunder.”

“Mr. Belmont is right in his conclusions,
thought I, I see my sister has imbibed the
sentiments and causeless dislike that influences
Lord Dunford.

“My mother looked displeased, and before
I could speak, said, “Miss Dunford you told
“me you had some business to do in the
“city, you had best go on now, the carriage
“is at the door, and you may call back and
“take me up.” “With all my heart,” answered she, rising and looking very haughtily,
“if you have *secrets*, I do not want to break
“in upon reciprocal confidence.”

“After ringing for the servant, I took her
hand, “My dear sister, do not be unjust, I
“have no views, no wishes, independent of
“your interest;—remember that it was your
“own desire, and a very natural and proper
“one, that you might reside with our dear
“mother, who as readily acceded to the
“wishes of my grandfather, that I should re-
“main

"main with him—I was too young to have
"a voice in the business."

"The servant announced the carriage, and she left me without reply. My mother burst into tears, "James," said she, "your sister
"has no social affections—unhappily, I accustomed her too early to partake in the
"gaieties of the fashionable world—my own
"example authorised her juvenile follies—
"and I have not only lost all influence over
"her conduct, but even a shew of respect,
"since she came of age."

"She proceeded to tell me, that the Colonel, her husband, was gay and dissipated in the extreme; and that for some years after their marriage, pleasure was their only pursuit, by which they had far outlived their income, and begun to be troubled with pecuniary difficulties.—He insisted upon an application to her father, tho' she knew it would be fruitless, as he had never answered one of her letters, nor at all concerned himself about her daughter, yet she was obliged to comply.

"To her infinite surprise, she received an answer to her application for *two* thousand pounds,

pounds, with a draft on his banker for *five* thousand pounds, a sum he was ordered to sell out from the stocks, which at that time were very high.

“ In the letter he told her, she had now received the last shilling from him, and that all future letters would be returned unopened. The sum now ordered, he had intended giving to her in his will; but he had now done with her for ever, and advised her, and her soldier, to live within their income, as neither they, nor any of the family, would get a penny by his death, for James should be heir to all his fortune.

“ She said the sum of money was so unexpected, and so very acceptable, that at the moment they little regarded the contents of the letter; but when their pleasurable surprise was a little abated, the Colonel very cruelly upbraided her with deceiving him.

“ He told her, she came to Bath not only as the Countess of Dunford, with a good jointure, but as the declared heiress of an old fellow wallowing in riches.—As such, he had married her, and tho’ the miserly impertinent fellow

fellow had pretended to resent a step taken without his consent, yet he naturally supposed he would come to in time, and that she must have possession of his money bags at last: But since the obstinate mule had now made up his mind to adopt that boy for his heir, she must make an alteration in *her* establishment and expences—for his own part *he* should make none.

“She asked what alteration he demanded—he told her to discharge her own particular footman, to lessen her expences in dress, and stay more at home:—Or, she might retire to the country for a few months, and drop her acquaintance in town. That for himself, he had been cursedly taken in, for all the women in town admired his person and accomplishments; and but for his confounded haste to marry, as he thought a rich heiress, he was well convinced he might have done much better.”

“From that day, she added, his behaviour was totally changed; he treated her not only with the most contemptuous neglect, but denied her almost every appendage her rank
and

and fortune entitled her to, and often refused her a guinea for her pocket.

“ When Lord Dunford came from college, and my sister from school, he allowed of their being at his house, because he was paid for their board; but he led his Lordship into such scenes of riot and dissipation, that he was soon out of health, and the Physicians ordered him abroad, much against the Colonel’s inclinations at first, but when told, it was the only chance for his life, he gave up the point; for no other reason, he told my mother, than that he would keep that little incendiary, that cursed boy, James, from the title and estate. ”

“ Lord Dunford was sent to Montpellier, and the Spa, under the care of a governor; whose attention, with the salutary effects of the climate, restored him to perfect health. He had been returned about three months; and having parted with his travelling tutor, came to reside with them, where he was again introduced to a set of licentious companions, and lived more freely than ever.

“ Sir William Felton, a very dissipated and libertine young man, acquired great influence

over him, which the Colonel did not approve of; having no doubt views of his own upon his Lordship, when he should take possession of his estates: He therefore remonstrated with Lord Dunford, and exerted all his powers to detach him from Sir William—a violent quarrel ensued; and my Lord left the house; since when he had refused all accommodation—declined all intercourse—and was solely attached to Sir William Felton.

“ I here related to my mother, my visit to my brother, and the reception I had met with. She lamented the selfish regards which had deprived me of their affection; and proceeded to say, that my sister was a great favourite with the Colonel, and his constant companion to all places of amusement, from which she was excluded; as they told her, their juvenile friends had an utter aversion to old women, who ought to remember they had had their day, and 'twas time now to resign pleasures they could no longer give any eclat to, and withdraw decently behind the curtain, before they were rudely thrust there.

“ Those

“Those cutting words” continued my mother, sighing, “were uttered by your sister, the very day she came of age, little more than a year since. From that period I have been a cypher in my own house; and except appearing at the head of the table, I take no lead in the management of any part of our establishment.”

“My daughter’s taste is consulted in every thing; she invites the parties, and appears in a style of elegance, far above the mediocrity of her fortune to support; which I suppose is with the view to procure an advantageous marriage, as she is greatly admired.”

“An attorney was employed to settle her pecuniary demands out of the estate from my father; which were immediately complied with, without any other notice whatever. Indeed I have blamed her, and Lord Dunford also, for not paying more respect and attention to their grandfather; but from the moment he declared you was designed for his heir, they have constantly abused him, as knowing his character for

“obstinacy and perseverance, they concluded
“themselves entirely cut off. And I am but
“too often loaded with their reproaches, as
“the primary cause of their disappointment.

“I cannot express to you,” concluded my
mother, “the agitations into which your let-
“ter threw me. Your sister was present, and
“rudely took the letter on my first exclamation
“of surprise. The Colonel was gone into the
“country with a hunting party, and she had
“undergone an operation for her teeth, which
“had kept her alone with me.

“Heavens!” cried she, “in Town! what
“on earth brought him to London, I wonder?
“The old unnatural miser, to forbid the boy
“from seeing his mother—but you will com-
“mand his attendance, I suppose?” “No,” I
“replied, “he shall not risk the displeasure of
“his grandfather, by *coming* to me—I will go
“to him early in the morning; tho’ if I do
“not meet with a kinder reception from *him*,
“than the treatment I bear from others, I
“shall derive but little satisfaction from the
“visit.”

“This

"This brought on an altercation, not
"worth repeating, as it concluded with less
"violence than many similar ones; and with
"a declaration from her, that she would ac-
"company me, having business in the city,
"and a little portion of curiosity to see the
"*heir apparent*."

"And now, dear James, I have frankly
"told you our situation. Mine, you plainly
"see, cannot be a happy one; and it is em-
"bittered with the dread of some fatal im-
"prudencies that your brother may be drawn
"into—and a certainty that your sister must
"break in upon the principal of her fortune,
"in the style she lives, which will evidently
"embarrass her by and by; tho' my admoni-
"tions, deduced from fatal experience, and
"the consequences of *my* former follies, hourly
"before her, ought to act as beacons to warn
"her from the same dangerous paths"

"My mother," continued Hervey, in his
memoir, "concluded with a deep sigh, and
a trembling tear in each eye, that penetrated
to my heart. I had never felt that innate
tenderness, which maternal ties twine about

the heart, 'till then. Her situation claimed the most affectionate attention, for she was conscious of all her errors, and suffered deep contrition, on a retrospection of her conduct.

"I opened to her, without reserve, the plans intended by my grandfather, for my future establishment; and the consequences threatened, should my inclinations ever militate against his ambitious views.

"Without speaking too freely of a man entitled to my reverence, I said enough to convince her, that mine was far from being that enviable lot, which had deprived me of my family's regards; and I assured her, also, that no paltry consideration of riches, should ever tempt me to violate the duties imposed upon me by honour and conscience.

"She embraced me warmly — "Thank Heaven, dear James, you possess the noble sentiments of your father, with more energy of mind. Persevere in that rectitude of conduct, which can alone give true peace to your bosom, and you will be superior to fortune, or the caprice of its votaries."

"With

"With infinite difficulty, I prevailed on her to accept from me one hundred a year, that she might not be "without a guinea in her pocket." I would have made it two, but she absolutely refused it. Happily I was enabled to pay the first six months in advance; and future payments, were settled to be transmitted to an old servant, who had married a reputable grocer.

"We had freely unboomed ourselves before my sister's return, who entered the room with the air of a princess. "Well," said she, with a sarcastic smile, "you cannot complain of my intrusion upon your desired tete-a-tete. I hope you give me credit for my "complaisance." I answered her in the same style of pleasantry; adding, what was really truth, and I knew must gratify a young woman, "that I was not a little proud of my sister, having seen but few young women that equalled, and none that I thought surpassed her in personal graces."

"Upon my word, James, I did not expect "so polite a compliment from you; it has "been said, that "a polite brother is like a

“black swan.” I protest you have given
“food sufficient to nourish that vanity, my
“mother takes all imaginable pains to starve;
“forgetful, that without a little self-conse-
“quence, women would be mere automations
“in the hands of you lords of the creation.
“So brother, I thank you for a civility that
“so well justifies my own self-love.”

“I had put her in good humour; and she
really was a very charming girl in person; tho’
her conduct towards her mother, made her
less estimable in my eyes, than she must ap-
pear in the eyes of strangers. We parted,
with much appearance of affection; and my
mother promised to make another visit, before
I left town.

CHAP.

C H A P. X.

"A King may confer titles, but it is personal merit, and acknowledged worth alone, that gives a man any claims to respect."

"**M**R. Belmont on his return found me in a deep reverie; the emotions I felt were undescrivable. Surely there is something in the name of mother, implanted by the hand of nature in our bosoms, that softens us to tenderness inexpressible; and to know, to see that parent unhappy, neglected by the man to whom she had confided her happiness and fortune—slighted by her children—almost cut off from the pleasures of society, and left to feel the intolerable anguish of regret and self reproach—Ah! how painful her situation; how sincerely did I lament my inability to make her happy.

H 5

" From "

“ From Mr. Belmont I learnt that Lord Dunford was confined to his bed in consequence of the very ill treatment he had met with from the crowd the preceding evening; for the woman who had occasioned the bustle, had called several fellows to her assistance, who had completely drubbed the intoxicated gentlemen, and got away undiscovered.—He added, there was a reward of a hundred guineas offered to discover the offenders.

“ I was much hurt at the degradation my brother had suffered, and expressed myself rather warmly, that a man of *his birth* should be so insulted.—“ Birth !” repeated Mr. Belmont, “ how contemptible that boasted prerogative, if used as a licence to cover irregularities that would disgrace a peasant.”

“ A nobleman, or more properly speaking, “ a rich or titled man, compelled to borrow “ merit from the dead ;—to deduce his claims “ to respect from the grandeur and opulence “ of his ancestors, without any virtues of his “ own that can challenge the deference he “ so presumptuously demands, from persons so “ superior to him in every estimable quality “ of

“ of the soul—such a being *degrades himself*,
 “ and should submit to the humiliation he so
 “ well deserves from others.”

“ My reason subscribed to the truism Mr. Belmont advanced, yet my spirit revolted against the injurious treatment my brother had received;—he observed the dissatisfaction of my mind, and read my thoughts.

“ My dear Mr. Dunford,” said he, “ think
 “ not that I blame the natural propensities of
 “ an affectionate heart ; you feel as one nearly
 “ connected by blood, and tenacious of the
 “ honour of your family ought to feel.—I
 “ only wish you to discriminate properly,—to
 “ consider that it is virtue, and not birth,
 “ that makes men *noble*; and that only *great*
 “ *actions speak great minds*,—independent of
 “ rank or riches.”

“ Such were the sentiments of that worthy man, who had the care of forming my youthful mind ; but who was unhappily torn from me, before the promised seeds he had sown were brought to maturity.

“ The short period allowed for our residence in London, obliged us to make the best use
 of

of our time, that I might have a cursory view of the numberless interesting scenes that city affords, and its variety of entertainments. Five days had been given to those amusements, the sixth I prepared to pay one more visit to my brother, who I understood was still confined to his apartment.—I had left my address the first visit, and tho' no notice had been taken of it, I resolved the neglects of our brotherly regards should rest wholly at his door.

“ Mr. Belmont having declined accompanying me from motives of delicacy, that he might be no restraint on our conversation, I sent up my name and was admitted to his dressing room. Such an apartment belonging to a modern man of fashion I had never seen; for tho' in lodgings, the room had all possible embellishments from pictures, china, vases, large jars with flowers, painted and gilded stands for books, and a toilet crowded with dressing boxes and sweet scented waters.

“ He was indolently reclined on a sofa, cover'd with silk damask, and was caressing a large ugly mastiff that was also stretched at
his

his length beside him. His constant companion, Sir William Felton, was in an arm chair reading the news-paper.

“ He return’d a slight bow to my salute ; Lord Dunford, whom I address’d as sorry to see indisposed, very languidly replied,—“ Faith, James, I have been cursed ill, from a rencounter with some vulgar savages one evening at the Play-house, where we dropped in for a frolic.—I hope the low scoundrels will be discover’d.—I suppose you saw the advertisement ; tho’ my name not being mentioned, you could not know the nobleman so infamously treated was *your relation*.

“ Nay, my Lord,” cried Sir William, before I could reply, “ tho’ devilishly bruised, you came off without broken limbs, or any loss whatever ; while I, in my endeavour to rescue you from base plebeian hands, had my pockets picked of a considerable sum which I had placed there to pay a trades-fellow, who being out of the way when I called, will pay dearly for his folly, by waiting long enough before the rascal will get a shilling now.”

“ You

“ You deserved to lose *that*, Felton,” said my brother, “ for devoting the money to any such purpose.—But I *do* lament the loss of your watch and ring, because they were devilish handsome, and will cost me a considerable sum of money to replace.”

“ You replace !” “ Certainly, they were lost in my defence, and therefore the moment I take possession of the fee simple and raise cash, I shall look out to make a refund.—As for the money I wont give a sixpence, because you ought to have kept it for a better purpose than paying such a cursed troublesome crew as tradesmen.”

“ Thoroughly disgusted with such conversation, before Sir William could reply, I told his Lordship I came to take leave of him, as in two days I should depart for the Continent, where I should be happy to do him any service or pleasure. I hoped his health would be soon re-established, and that he would be careful to guard against the consequences of such *frolics* in future.

“ Both gentlemen shouted aloud, which roused the mastiff, who began barking at a
furious

furious rate ;—their laughter encreased. Unable to endure this I quitted my chair.—Seeing me rise they endeavoured to restrain their intemperate mirth, and silence the animal.

My brother held out his hand, “ Mr. Dunford, I thank you for your wise admonition ; “ *my good advice* in return may be deemed “ unnecessary, as you have such an able conductor in Mr. Belmont : however, I cannot “ help telling you, that your grave look and “ puritanical principles will be no introduction “ to society Abroad, where all is good humour “ and frolic.—Reserve your sober methodising “ ideas for this foggy island, where you may “ meet with a few dull dogs to keep you in “ countenance.”

“ This speech deserved no answer : I bowed, I believe contemptuously ; “ Sir William, I “ wish you a good morning.”—“ My Lord, “ *you* have the good wishes of a brother, who “ would be sorry if hereafter he should have “ cause to blush at the ties of consanguinity “ between us.”—A loud laugh followed me down the stairs, and I left the house with an indignant scorn, for those who remained in it.

“ New

“ New to the world, and its polished fashionable manners, I was extremely hurt by the conduct of Lord Dunford and his associate; as I was not conscious that the behaviour and sentiments of a young man whom they looked upon as a green-horn, a mere boy, were in any shape deserving of their mirth and ridicule.

On meeting Mr. Belmont, I repeated with some warmth and asperity, the treatment I had recently undergone;—he smiled at my resentment.

“ I told you,” said he, “ that your brother
“ was a young man of the world, under the
“ tuition of what is called a *knowing one*—a
“ man of the most abandoned morals. The
“ Countess, your mother, confirmed my opi-
“ nion.—All that you complain of is perfectly
“ natural, quite in character from them, and
“ merits only pity and contempt.—Pity for a
“ misguided young man, who is in the road
“ to ruin; and contempt for the debasing
“ principles of a dissipated dissolute being,
“ who has talents that he perverts, and pro-
“ posities that he indulges at the expence
“ of

“ of every sentiment that is honourable in
“ man.”

“ That evening my mother paid me a farewell visit, and was happily alone.—Mortifications and sufferings had brought her to a true sense of the errors and follies of early life. She acknowledged, with many sighs, her neglects of her first husband and his children; and the extravagancies which had made him wretched, and deprived his family of their just expectations in point of fortune.

“ She lamented the mean ambition of her father, whose vanity superceded all natural affection. She besought me to regulate my conduct consonant to his wishes, consistent with my duty to God and to myself;—and concluded with saying, “ My dear James,
“ your’s is an unadulterated heart, sincere,
“ upright, and generous;—experience has
“ taught me to be no indifferent judge of the
“ mind from the countenance, when un-
“ hacknied in the ways of the world. You
“ have a warm susceptible heart—that is the
“ rock on which your best hopes may be ship-
“ wrecked, if you do not observe prudence
“ and

“ and self-denial; to guard against its natural
“ impulses from the fascination of beauty,
“ which misleads the eye but too often in
“ favour of worthless objects ; and without
“ the vigorous exertion of your mental pow-
“ ers, judgement may be hoodwinked, and
“ blindly follow the lead of fancy.

“ Excuse me,” added she, “ for these im-
“ plied doubts of your weakness—of your sus-
“ ceptibility ; I have none, where honour
“ and industry are called into action :—But
“ knowing well the capricious inflexibility of
“ your grandfather in his favourite views, ’tis
“ your *heart* that I would speak to,—for *there*,
“ or I am greatly mistaken, is your vulnerable
“ part.”

“ The sequel will prove the prescience of
my mother, whose advice I treasured in my
mind ; firmly then believing, that it would
be a shield to guard the weakness of my eyes,
should they ever, which I thought impossible,
outrun my prudence and discretion.

“ We passed some hours in the most af-
fectionate conversation ; she was so entirely
changed, so different from the woman I faintly
remembered,

remembered, and had so often heard abused in the most unbecoming terms, that I felt indeed a tenderness in my heart, an undescribable softness that was quite new to it; and was such a delightful emotion, that when we separated I burst into a flood of tears.

“ My poor mother was greatly affected.
“ Ah ! James, my dear James, how little do
“ I deserve this effusion of tenderness ! and
“ you, you only, whom from infancy I neglected, feel for my unhappy situation.—
“ 'Tis too much !—Heaven bless you, my
“ dear son !”—She threw herself into the carriage, drew up the glass, and—I saw her no more.

CHAP.

C H A P. XL

"Neither innocence nor prudence, can always guard against the machinations of base and malignant hearts; who not having virtue, or inclination to copy an example that reproaches their own conduct, and excites their envy.—Superior merit naturally becomes an object of hatred."

"I Quitted London, with very little regret. I had met no minds congenial with my own; and except my mother, I had found no relations to esteem — no fraternal regards to engage my affections. Mr. Belmont was now dearer to me than ever; the contrast of his manners, with those of Lord Dunford's, and Sir William Felton's, were decidedly in his favour, and encreased my respect and veneration.

"I was not a little mortified at the cold neglects of my sister; I saw she was lovely, I wished to have found her amiable and affectionate;

tionate ; but she never paid me a second visit, and her indifference gave me real pain.

“ I had written twice to my grandfather during the week I had passed in London ; I mentioned my visit to my brother, but I was too generous to relate his cool behaviour, much less the adventure at the play-house.

“ I said that I understood my mother was unhappy, the Colonel ungrateful, and that she repented of her hasty marriage, and panted for a reconciliation with her father.—This was all I dared say, as I spoke of it merely as a report.

“ We arrived in Paris, where we intended making a rest of a few months ; and I felt the effects of that delightful climate, in chearful spirits, and was highly amused by the general happiness that played on every countenance, from the peer to the peasant.

“ We had been about six weeks at Paris, when I received two letters, one from my mother, the other from my grandfather : I obeyed the impulse of my heart, and opened the first. After rejoicing in my safe arrival, the contents were nearly these.

“ Your

“Your brother and the Colonel have
“patched up a reconciliation, thro’ the influ-
“ence of your sister. The Duke of Branfield
“has a very large family, with an entailed es-
“tate, which the elder son will enjoy, encum-
“bered with mortgages; and the younger
“branches, must make their way in the world
“by their rank and persons.

“Lord John, the fourth son, is in the
“guards, has been frequently at our house,
“and appears quite charmed with your sister,
“Mary Ann. Unhappily, her six thousand
“pounds, *if not* broken in upon, would not
“last *them* five months, in the style so desirable
“to both: Still in spite of my remonstrances,
“which are ridiculed, he is allowed to be a
“constant visitor; and your brother is also
“enamoured with Lady Jane, the Duke’s
“third daughter, who will probably have no
“other portion than beauty—a great predi-
“lection for every species of dissipation—and
“an unmeasurable family pride.

“Your sister introduced the Colonel to a
“party going from the Duke’s to a mas-
“querade; and from that period, Lord Dun-
“ford,

“ford, Lord John, your sister, and the Colonel,
“have been always together. Great secrets ap-
“pear among them—they are frequently shut
“in together in the library: If in the drawing
“room, and I chance to drop in unexpectedly,
“their conversation ceases, and they observe
“for some time a mysterious silence, only in-
“terchanging looks, and malicious significant
“smiles.

“Alas! my dear James, I am a mere cy-
“pher, unless when beheld as an intruder.
“But painful as it is to be treated with neg-
“lect by those whose love and respect by the
“laws of nature I am entitled to; yet a con-
“sciousness of my own follies, the little re-
“gard I paid in early life to my own duties,
“strike me with remorse and confusion, and
“compel me to feel that *my sorrows*, and the
“ill-conduct of others, originate from myself.

“This aggravation of self-reproach is the
“severest sting of all.—My dear son, all other
“evils may be borne with patient endurance,
“but the condemnation of the heart is *In-*
“supportable!—Guard against such errors as
“your reason must disapprove; let that sensi-
“bility,

“ bility, which properly directed by the hand
“ of prudence, may prove a blessing to your-
“ self and others, be carefully watched, that
“ it may not degenerate into weakness, and
“ be the source of bitter regret and unavailing
“ sorrow.

“ Adieu ! my beloved James, may Heaven
“ direct you—respect yourself, and hold sa-
“ cred the duties you owe to others.

“ Your truly affectionate mother,

“ C. D.”

“ Tho’ greatly affected by this letter, I did not indulge any comments on it, but proceeded to open my grandfather’s. It was too prolix for me to copy exactly, but the substance I shall repeat as briefly as possible.—He first upbraided me grossly for my duplicity, and inattention, or rather violation of his strict commands relative to my mother ; said “ I had broken the contract between us, and deserved to be entirely reprobated, but that he remitted the punishment I had so justly merited ; tho’ he felt himself justified in making me feel the displeasure I had incurred,

curred, by contracting my income—he therefore took from my allowance two hundred a year. My future conduct would either encrease or diminish it, according as it should meet with his approbation.”

“He then in very pointed terms, and evident self-gratulation, proceeded to inform me, “That he had received pressing solicitations from the Duke of Branfield, who had offered his daughter, Lady Jane, the most accomplished woman in England, to Lord Dunford; on condition, that the alliance was agreeable to, and sanctioned by the favour of his grandfather.”

“And still further, “That Lord John Sedgmore, his Grace’s fourth son, would also unite himself to Miss Dunford, if *her* fortune was made answerable to the splendid alliance she would contract with a nobleman, who might choose from the first families and fortunes in the country; had not his predilection for Miss Dunford, inclined him to give her the preference, if her *worthy* grandfather could be brought to honour her with his favour.—And by these alliances he would restore the
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honour of the family, which had suffered by the hasty choice of the Countess—tho' the Colonel was a very deserving gentleman."

"He added, that "Lord Dunford, would, by his accomplishments and manners, give brilliancy to the first fortune or title in the Kingdom; and languished for nothing so earnestly, as being permitted to throw himself at the feet of his grandfather.

"This letter from the Duke," continued he, "was a condescension I could hardly expect; and is certainly an unequivocal proof of the young people's merit. I have therefore sent them all an invitation to pay me a visit, because I choose to judge for myself. Your mother I never can see, for I have sworn to admit her no more.

"My housekeeper is busy in preparations—your father's castle is repairing—and if Lord Dunford deserves my favour, I will give him up the mortgage. From hence, young sir, you will see, that on your good behaviour depends your future provision; and therefore I warn you in time, to pay

"more

“more obedience to my commands, or dread
“the consequence.”

“Such were the chief contents of my grandfather’s letter, which affected me with equal surprise and indignation. I did not for a moment, regret the probability that my promised splendid fortune would be shared by my brother and sister—it had ever been my earnest wish that *they might be restored* to what I always had considered as *their right*.”

“But I saw that *I* was to be the victim to art and duplicity: the private meetings—the particular secrets, mentioned by my mother were now fully explained; and it was evident that the prohibition to visit my mother, communicated to my sister, had been meanly taken advantage of. The infringement of my grandfather’s commands had been reported to him, no doubt with all possible aggravations; and the superstructure of their hopes, built on the downfall of my favour, in consequence of the interviews between my mother and her son, against unjust and unnatural interdictions.

“Whilst I was reading this extraordinary letter a second time, Mr. Belmont entered the
I 2 room,

room, and noticed my emotions—he eagerly enquired the cause; I gave him the letters without speaking, and withdrew for a few moments to recover myself.

“I returned soon after he had perused them; he had thrown himself into a chair, and appeared lost in thought, with the letters in his hand. I entered with an aspect more calm, I believe, than he expected.

“He arose, and taking my hand, “My “dear Mr. Dunford,” said he, “I fear the “ideas, that I have often inculcated into “your mind, will now be called forth into ac- “tion. I have often told you of the insta- “bility of fortune—the little dependence to “be placed on the smiling aspect of our af- “fairs; and how prone the best of men are to “change their opinions—to alter their inten- “tions—and to be, with all their self-supposed “wisdom and steadiness, the dupes to artful “and interested beings, who have no regard “to integrity and honour.

“I do not blame your brother and sister “for seeking to recover the favour of their “grandfather, which they had not forfeited
“by

“by any personal misconduct on their side—
“it was natural, it was becoming in them, to
“make the effort;—’tis the indirect mode of
“doing it, ’tis their ungenerous communi-
“cations respecting you, and the profound
“secrecy observed, even to their mother, that
“places their conduct, in a very unfavourable
“point of view.”

“The predominating passions of my grand-
“father,” said I, “are well known; ambition
“and vanity have been the principal features
“in his character; and by attacking him on
“his weak side, by flattering his governing
“principles, they have doubtless succeeded.
“Do not think so meanly of me, however,
“as to believe, that I regret the reconciliation,
“or that any selfish views are superceded by
“it;—far from it, the emotions that you per-
“ceived on entering the room, arose from a
“different cause.”

“My young friend,” said Mr. Belmont,
interrupting me, “believe that I do justice to
“your heart—I think it incapable of any
“mean, dishonourable sentiments; yet surely
“there can be nothing unnatural in your sur-
I 3 “prise

"pride and concern ; for if their success has
 "been brought about by the selfish schemes
 "of pride, at the expence of integrity, and
 "by sacrificing a brother, *I* must condemn
 "their conduct, and *you* must feel both con-
 "tempt and indignation."

"Very little, indeed, against them," I re-
 "plied, "but I confess my mind revolts
 "against the ungenerous conduct of my
 "grandfather. I do not value the diminution
 "of my income, for whatever it be I will
 "not exceed it ; nor shall my mother be de-
 "prived of the small addition I have engaged
 "to give her—but his threats, his commands
 "so haughty, so peremptory, and unkind—
 "the supposition that I will meanly cringe for
 "an allowance, with which I am poorly up-
 "braided as an undeserved favour—these are
 "the circumstances that excite my indignation
 "and regrets."

"Mr. Belmont allowed for the warmth of
 my feelings, and waited till the tumult of my
 agitations had subsided ; he then spoke to the
 pride and feelings of my heart, and endea-
 voured, by his sensible and gentle arguments,
 to

to turn the passions that were roused to my own advantage.

“ I am convinced,” said he, “ that you will never be influenced by pecuniary motives, to flatter others, or debase yourself; but recollect that your character must now be established or lost for ever.—Prove your gratitude and respect for the man who has taken parental care of you, by actions rather than by words,—respect yourself, apply closely to your studies, observe mankind, draw such inferences from the virtues and follies of others, as may tend to regulate your own conduct.

“ In a word, be strictly observant of your own duties—act agreeably to the dictates of integrity and honour—follow the lead of your grandfather’s wishes, in all things that have truth and propriety for their basis, and leave the rest to Heaven.—Be free from self-reproach, and you will have little to apprehend, or suffer, from the reproaches of others.”

“ I warmly thanked my friendly monitor and endeavoured to impress upon my mind

his kind admonitions ; that I might be prepared to meet whatever disagreeables should befall me, with becoming resolution.

“ I answered both letters, but took care to hide from my mother the reduction of my income. I justified my conduct to my grandfather, by a plain recital of facts ; I congratulated him and myself on the splendid prospects of my brother and sister ; and assured him, it would be my study to merit his approbation by the propriety of my behaviour, prove my gratitude to him for whatever favours he was pleased to confer on me, by a strict adherence to the character of a gentleman ; in which I included every duty owing to myself and to society. I made not a single observation on pecuniary matters, leaving the consideration of that particular to his own feelings.

“ My expences being now limited to a small comparative sum, I resolved not to spend a shilling idly, but appropriate my time and money solely to the improvement of my mind.

“ Three months passed away rapidly, during which period I received a letter from my mother,

ther, confirming the reconciliation between my grandfather and the family ; that the two weddings would speedily take place ; and, as she had had accidentally heard, ten thousand pounds were given to my sister ; the mortgage on the Castle given up, with the like sum in hand to Lord Dunford ; and the old gentleman had joined in making a proper settlement on Lady Jane.

“ From the knowledge of these particulars she had been excluded by the family compact, but had been told by Sir William Felton, who, enraged at losing his influence, and disappointed in his views on Lord Dunford’s fortune, had called on her, and abruptly repeated every circumstance that was transacting, adding, with a sneer,—“ Your politic son, and
“ his new friends, have completely jockeyed
“ the beardless stripling, and his pedant tutor.
“ By my soul, the disappointment of that boy
“ is the only thing I can pardon, for Lord
“ Dunford has used me cruelly ill.”

“ My mother proceeded to say, that alarmed and disgusted by this intelligence, she gave the gentleman a very cool reception ;

but watched for an opportunity to speak with the Colonel, who had arrived from the country the preceding evening, and by the bustle among his servants, seemed preparing for another tour.

“In the short conversation they held together, (for he would not answer many of her interrogatories) he confirmed every particular she had before heard; with the additional information, that Lord Dunford and his sister, whom she had supposed were at the Duke of Branfield’s seat, were at that moment in Scotland, with the Duke, and his son and daughter.

“He looked at her with an air of triumph and scorn, refused to say *where he was going*, or when he should return, and throwing her a note for a hundred pounds, bid her husband it well, as possibly he should not return for some weeks.

“My poor mother concluded, with saying, that it was her intention on their next meeting, to propose a separation, and if agreed to, she would retire into the country; mean time she had taken courage to write to her obdurate

durate father, and request that she might be included in the family reconciliation.

“ She expressed the greatest regrets on my account, fearful lest the envy and cunning of others should operate to my disadvantage; tho’ she believed me too generous to repine, that my brother and sister were likely to have some share of my grandfather’s immense property.”

“ This letter of my mother’s, for which I was prepared, did not affect me much, but on the score of the ill treatment she had received; but two posts after brought me one that was eventually the cause of all the misfortunes of my life.

“ This letter was from my grandfather, with information that my brother and sister were married the preceding day ; and after passing a few weeks at the Castle, to receive the compliments of the nobility and gentry of the country, he believed he should accompany them to London, on a visit to his Grace, whose pressing entreaties, old as he was, had compelled him to think of undertaking the journey.

“ Then

“ Then followed the stroke for which I was quite unprepared.—He said, “ from the accounts he had received of my manners and conduct during the short time I stopped in London, he was convinced that Mr. Belmont was the most improper person in the world to form me for society ; tho’ his learning and morals were not disputed.—He had therefore written to that gentleman to prepare him for resigning his charge to another, now on his way to Paris ; who was more competent to the care of a young man like me, and had accepted the employment for *half the sum* allotted to Mr. Belmont :—to whom however he had sent an hundred pounds, to reimburse what expences he might have incurred for the journey, and his return to England.

“ He added, “ the gentleman to whom I should henceforth be accountable for my conduct, would bring his credentials shortly after my receipt of his letter ; and on my respect and attention to him, rested my claims to his future favour, and the regards of the family.”

“ I sat almost petrified in my chair, when Mr. Belmont entered, with an open letter in

in his hand. — He saw my situation, and warmly embraced me.

“My dear young friend,” said he, “this is an afflictive stroke to me; I am compelled to relinquish the flattering hope I had formed, of enjoying your society for some years — of witnessing your improvements, and deriving to myself both honour and pleasure from the virtues of your mind, superior far to your accomplishments. I am indeed mortified at my disappointment, but possibly the change may be of advantage to you — the gentleman who has the happiness to supercede me, I will suppose has superior qualifications.”

“Hitherto I had been speechless, but the emotions of my heart now overflowed at my eyes, and words were lent me at the same moment. I threw myself into his arms, and bitterly deplored the irreparable loss I must sustain. I was too sensible of his worth to admit a thought of any man’s superiority to him; and saw at once the base design in depriving me of such advantages, as I must derive

derive from a gentleman of his acknowledged abilities.

“ I was thrown off my guard—I complained of my dependent situation—I blamed the weakness and folly of my grandfather—and execrated the meanness, the duplicity, and injustice, of my brother and sister.

“ Mr. Belmont soothed my passions, and tried to reason me into a perfect submission to commands I could not dispute; and as the only method by which I could defeat the malicious purposes of others, to obey, without even a shew of reluctance, the orders of a parent and a guardian, whilst they did not militate against my honour or integrity. Particularly he recommended to me to receive the gentleman, who was to succeed him, with respect and kindness—as one no ways implicated in the designs of my relations; and whom, he had no doubt, but my disposition and attentions, would shortly make a friend to my interest.

“ To repeat the several conversations that passed—his generous endeavours to reconcile me to measures, so entirely opposite to the feelings

feelings of my heart, and the conviction of my judgment, would take up too much time; tho' every word was engraven on my heart, and entitled him to more than esteem—to love and reverence.

“Four days were passed in anxiety and fruitless regrets—on the fifth, suspense was at an end, and the object so much dreaded, made his appearance. Mr. Murray, sent up his name, as a gentleman arrived from England.

“I met him at the door, greatly agitated; I shrunk back involuntarily at his entrance, tho' my hand was extended to greet him with a welcome. He bowed superciliously, and delivered a letter: gladly I retired to the window to peruse it, whilst Mr. Belmont politely entertained him.

“The letter was short, it only announced Mr. Murray, as the gentleman to whom I was to pay the “highest respect, and *unlimited obedience*.” I turned my eyes, and drew them back with disgust; and here I must indulge in drawing his portrait.

“He

“ He was uncommonly tall, high shouldered, and boney; his air mean and uncouth; his features extremely large, with high projecting cheek bones; his face much scar'd by the small-pox; his upper lip short, which discovered a frightful row of teeth, that hung over the others, when he opened his mouth to speak; his aspect severe and stern; and his voice so discordant, that with speaking broad scotch, it was disagreeable beyond conception.

“ Never could be seen a more striking contrast, than between Mr. Murray and Mr. Belmont; the latter united to a handsome person, the utmost elegance of manners, a prepossessing open countenance, that engaged respect and esteem, and that noble frankness and ease, which is the result of a good heart and a polished mind.

“ I had remained long enough at the window to have read a letter of three times the length of the one I held; but I felt something so repulsive, sensations of such disgust, against the bearer, that I dreaded to advance. Mr. Belmont, I am sure, read my thoughts in my countenance, for rising, and taking my arm—

“ Permit

“Permit me, Mr. Murray,” said he, “to introduce this gentleman, whom you have the good fortune to consider as your pupil; and with whom I have passed some of the most agreeable hours of my life. To say I do not envy you those talents, that have entitled you to this pre-eminence, would be an untruth; for I certainly do regret that deficiency in abilities, which have induced Mr. Dunford’s friends to supersede me in an employment so congenial to my feelings. But I must yield to your superiority; and console myself with the idea, that my amiable young friend will derive all those advantages, that may be expected from your experience.”

“During this long introduction, we had shaken hands, exchanged bows, and seated ourselves. I saw that Mr. Belmont wished to give me consequence; but the compliments he paid to Mr. Murray, seemed to accord so little with his appearance, that I considered them as perfectly ironical; and could scarcely refrain from laughing, tho’ in no very pleasant mood. I found afterwards, Belmont did not mean

mean to ridicule, but to please him, that he might receive a favourable impression of us; for he blamed me, in giving way to an unjust prejudice from the man's exterior, when perhaps he had virtues and accomplishments, that greatly overbalanced personal defects.

"Mr. Murray, having a few commissions to execute, withdrew immediately after dinner; and my best friend then announced his intention of quitting Paris the following day. I earnestly solicited him to stop a few days; and in the warmth of my feelings, drew a comparative picture betwixt him and his successor, that seemed to hurt him greatly, and drew on me his censure, for being so weakly prejudiced.

"I *must* leave you," said he, "and the
"sooner I quit this country, the sooner I shall
"fulfil duties, imposed both by honour and
"gratitude.—Long since I engaged myself to
"Lord Shipley, that the moment I was con-
"sidered of no essential consequence to you,
"and was discharged from the duties of my
"employment, I would become an inmate of
"his house. He has two sons, both are
young,

"young, and not yet out of the hands of women, therefore two or three years hence, would have been early enough; but it is his wish, that I should reside with him whenever I am disengaged.

"I have many obligations to *him*—and the friendship I bear to you, has equal claims upon me. But your partiality to me, may render you unjust to another; to cure you of prejudices, 'tis fitting that you should immediately determine to coincide with the desires of your family, and regard Mr. Murray as a man of merit, entrusted with the sacred charge of introducing you to society."

"Into society!" I repeated, "his person, his manners!" — "are not prepossessing," said he, interrupting me, "but the mind and the body are not always analogous. Mr. Murray has doubtless qualities that entitle him to respect; and having, as he informed us, travelled before now with young men of fashion, I dare say he can introduce you into very desirable society."

"If," I replied, "he has travelled with such, he is the more unfit to accompany
"me,

“ me, since the trifling stipend allowed for
“ my expenditure, must circumscribe both
“ my expences and company within a very
“ narrow compass.”

“ Do not be querulous,” returned he, “ for-
“ titude is the fairest blossom that springs
“ from a noble mind. Fortune can neither
“ add to, nor diminish your real merit ;—my
“ dear pupil,” added he affectionately, “ I
“ have no fears for your honour or integrity ;
“ vice, I am sure, will have no power over a
“ soul like your’s.—’Tis your feelings, your
“ too great susceptibility, that I dread as the
“ rock on which your little bark of happiness
“ may be dashed in pieces ;—unless you guard
“ strictly against those ingenuous effusions of
“ the heart, so rarely to be met with at your
“ age,—so highly to be prized—but so little
“ understood, and less valued, in a selfish
“ interested world.”

“ But I am getting very prolix, and indeed
so dear is the remembrance of all his precepts,
that I could dwell on them for ever. Suffice
it to say, that the few hours we passed toge-
ther, impressed on my mind such lessons for
my

my future conduct, that I conceived it would be next to an impossibility, that I should ever swerve from the laws of prudence and discretion.

“ When Mr. Belmont tore himself from me, I had a sad presage that we should meet no more; I turned from him as he sprang into the carriage, unable to see it drive off, and met the eyes of Mr. Murray. There was a contemptuous malicious expression in them that shocked me. He followed me into the breakfast room, and seemed, I thought, to enjoy my distress.

“ To entertain me he run on with a long and circumstantial description of my grandfather's noble visitors—the preparations for the double marriages—and the superb presents made to the brides. The subject very little interested me, I envied not their grandeur; the income settled on me when I left Scotland, with the company of Mr. Belmont, would have gratified every wish of my heart; and I felt the reduction more as an act of injustice, as an insult to my mother, than of any material consequence to myself.

CHAP.

C H A P. XII.

"Let us beware of entering upon measures that render us inexcusable to our own hearts—for that is the test after all; the World's opinion ought to be but a secondary consideration."

"WITHIN a few days I was sensible of the marked difference between my two Governors. Mr. Murray was fond of public places, of company and cards.—Several young men of fashion were introduced to me, as the brother of Lord Dunford,—I was loaded with compliments and caresses.—The narrowness of my income was not known, and I found myself an object of equal attention in all parties with both sexes.

"Hitherto I had mixed very little with the female world; the gay Parisian ladies were new and fascinating objects; they attracted my eyes, and amused my mind; which was frequently

quently clouded by fruitless regrets for the irreparable loss of my much valued tutor Mr. Belmont.

“ I had escaped from the snares of female triflers while under the judicious management of my late tutor, consequently I was equally hurt and surprized when Mr. Murray made no scruple to commit himself to me; and gaily boasted of his intrigues with women, whose rank and situations placed them above all temptations to vice, and who could have no excuse for impropriety of conduct, but the degrading one of depraved hearts.

“ Bold as his assertions were, when I looked on the man before me, and considered what was due to female delicacy, I found it difficult to credit the information he gave, with an air of self-complacency, that seemed as a triumph over my very superficial knowledge of the world, which I scrupled not to avow.

“ This man, whose features when I first beheld him, inspired more than disgust, a sort of terror, from their sternness, was now entirely relaxed from that severity of air and manner. He affected to be gay and agreeable, ridiculed

ridiculed the intense application to my studies, which he said, made me appear pedantic and unsocial; and told me, that to be a gentleman and a pleasing member of society, I should study the great volume of nature,—mix with the world—frequent public places—and attach myself to the ladies.

“ For some time I resisted this advice, and held it in contempt; but I could not decline joining in some parties with two or three elegant young men he introduced. Insensibly, even to myself, those parties became more frequent, more enlarged, and grew less repugnant to my feelings. I approached the ladies with less diffidence, I strove to mix in their conversations without embarrassment, and felt a secret, and till then unknown pleasure, in their smiles and approbation.

“ Still I preserved my integrity;—I could not flatter those whose manners I did not approve, nor be lavish in compliments to gratify vanity or folly. Among my male friends I obstinately persevered in refusing to play for large sums; I rarely entered into their parties, and then only staked trifles, which the

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loss

loss of could not prove injurious to my narrow income.

“The lessons Mr. Belmont had inculcated on the subject of gambling, were deeply impressed on my mind; and happily both reason and inclination confirmed them, beyond the power of temptation, example, ridicule, or persuasion, to irradicate.

“I was drawn in twice to accompany some of my own countrymen to a tavern, where riot and intoxication presided;—loud vociferation, disputes, and bets, the only entertainment. To a repetition of such excesses, no entreaties could draw me a third time.—I had received a lesson from the conduct of Lord Dunford, at the theatre, which was never forgotten; and the intemperance I was now an eye witness to, gave me a thorough disgust, to what is called, convivial parties.

“In consequence of this secession from the society of my countrymen, I grew more attached to the French assemblies; where an agreeable mixture of males and females, gave a thousand charms to conversation: and tho’ light and frivolous in general, yet sometimes,

improvement, as well as amusement, might be derived from persons of both sexes.

“I must however observe, that there were at that time in Paris, some young Englishmen of rank and respectability; and many Scots gentlemen, who were an honour to their country. But while Mr. Belmont resided with me there, we had been engaged in a variety of occupations, *previous* to my introduction; and he was so desirous of investigating characters, before I should be publicly known, that unhappily my entrée into the fashionable world was delayed, and my acquaintance left solely to the selection of his successor:—who as it proved, was as little known as myself to those respectable characters, and doubtless had his own views, in keeping me a stranger to them, by throwing me into company, who moved in a circle so different, that I was not likely to be noticed by such persons as might have reflected honour on me by their acquaintance.

“I had been eight months at Paris, without receiving one line from Mr. Belmont, which both surprised and afflicted me, because

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I had written twice, uneasy at his silence, and addressed my Letters to Lord Shipley's. I was much hurt at a conduct I could not account for, but it did not lessen my regards; I was persuaded, that whenever I should hear from him, he would account satisfactorily, for this apparent neglect.—I was anxious for his health, and tenacious of his esteem; but I never permitted a thought injurious to his sincerity or friendship, to dwell on my mind an hour.

“I had twice heard from my mother, and as often from my grandfather, since the splendid weddings. The letters from my mother announced the completion of the weddings, to which *her* approbation had not been solicited; neither had she been invited to the Castle, tho' to her infinite surprise, she learnt that the Colonel was a guest at Lord Dunford's.

“She felt this marked neglect, and contemptuous treatment from her children, with the bitterest sorrow; and was very apprehensive that the intrigues of artful selfish persons, might operate greatly to my disadvantage

vantage with my grandfather; as his sentiments had undergone such an entire revolution in their favour.

“ Such were the contents of her first letter. The second was dated from the country, from a small house of the Colonel's, to which she had been ordered to retire.—The town house was given up, and he informed her, it was his intention to have lodgings only in town for the future. She had since heard, the families were arrived in England; and that Lord John Sedgmore, and her daughter, now his Lady, had possession of the house that had once been her's, and from whence she had been driven for their accommodation.

“ She added several other circumstances of an unpleasant nature; and an air of oppressive melancholy run thro' every part of her communications, that greatly afflicted me, particularly as I had not the power to console, or assist her.

“ Whilst I was thus tenderly concerned for my poor mother, letters arrived from my grandfather, and to my utter astonishment, dated from London, a city, he had an hundred

dred times sworn never to see again; and a journey, which at his time of life, and infirmities from the gout, I conceived it impossible for him to have undertaken.

“He seemed conscious that his conduct wanted an excuse, even to me; for after a laboured description of the noble and splendid alliances, contracted by his approbation—the very polite attentions paid to him by the Duke of Branfield—and the great respect and affection which his nephew and niece, and their connexions, evinced towards him, he thus proceeds:

“You remember, James, that the *honour* of my family—their forming alliances among the nobility—has always been the ruling passion of my life. Your mother’s foolish and undutiful behaviour, in her second marriage, so thoroughly displeased me, that I solemnly swore never to see her more. This *she* deserved; but I was unjust to the children, for they had not offended me, and therefore I carried my neglects of them, and particular partiality for you, to an extreme, that was beyond the rule of right.

“The Duke of Branfield, to whom I was
“an entire stranger, wrote to me a very sen-
“sible letter on the subject; and made such
“proposals, as were very gratifying to the
“predominant wish of my heart.

“The arguments of his Grace, and his
“condescension, in desiring an alliance with
“me, were irresistible motives to a change in
“my resolutions. I have done handsomely
“for your brother and sister, that their rank
“may be properly supported.

“However, *mind me, boy, I have enough for*
“you; and if you follow *their steps*—if you
“marry a woman of family, that is among
“the nobility, you shall have an equal share:
“but by the Lord, if you are undutiful—
“ungrateful—and choose for yourself; if you
“carry on a correspondence with your mo-
“ther, against my express command; or in
“any shape act contrary to the advice of Mr.
“Murray—hark’ee, young man, not a penny
“of mine shall go to an ungrateful fellow;
“nor will any of your noble relatives coun-
“tenance one, who forgets what is due to his
“birth and family. Mind therefore your

P’s

“P’s and Q’s, *deserve* my favour and you
“shall have it. I intend you shall remain a-
“broad, with Mr. Murray, two years, wherever
“he pleases.—That pedant, Belmont, was un-
“fit to form a young man of the world,—you
“have now a complete gentleman, see that
“you obey and please him, and mind that
“you are economical.—I shall countenance
“no extravagancies:—’tis the prudent con-
“duct of your brother and sister that has made
“me their friend, and agree to pass some
“months in London, with his Grace the Duke
“of Branfield, whom courtesy and his example
“allow me to call *brother*. As you behave you
“will find me,—an affectionate grandfather,
“or an indifferent relation.”

“I leave any one to judge,” continued
Hervey, in his narrative, “what effects were
produced in the mind of a young man of spirit
and sensibility, by the perusal of this letter.—
Indignation and contempt swelled my heart al-
most to bursting.—I had gone thro’ it a second
time when Mr. Murray entered with a smiling
countenance that wore a grin of malice and
self-sufficiency, with a letter in his hand.

“He saw my cheek suffused with crimson, from the effusions of innate pride, and my eye sparkling with indignant scorn,—his appearance just then was by no means calculated to lessen my emotions.—“Heyday, Mr. Dunford!” he exclaimed, “from what cause proceeds such violent emotions as seem to agitate you?”

“Doubtless, Sir,” I replied, “your letter informs you what acts of kindness I may expect from my grandfather, and the extent of the power lodged in your hands.”

“I really don’t understand you,” returned he, “it appears that you have one of the worst, noblest-minded men in the world, for your parent; and it must be your own fault if *you* are not also one of the happiest.—The power you speak of, will never be exerted but for your advantage; and I wish more to be thought your friend than your governor.”

“A moment’s consideration, whilst he was speaking, had taught me that possibly I was unjust as well as impolitic, in my reflections on him;—the instant conviction struck me, acknowledgment followed. “Pardon me, Mr.

“Murray,

"Murray, if I appear petulant and rude, I have
"no wish to have any concealments from you;
"read that letter, and I flatter myself you will
"then readily excuse my visible emotions, and
"allow for the impetuosity of my feelings."

"Whilst I traversed the room, still much
agitated, he perused the letter, and with so
much method, deliberation, and thought, that
I had time to cool a little.—My angry passions
subsided into a fullen indignation that
prompted me to emancipate myself from this
intolerable yoke,—to give up all expectations
of favours that enslaved the mind, and so ab-
solutely fettered my free will, that not one sen-
timent of respect or gratitude could be enter-
tained for a man who accompanied benefits
with threatenings, and on whose capricious re-
solutions no reliance could be placed.

"My mind was in this irritable fluctuating
state, when Mr. Murray advanced, "I cannot,"
said he, "altogether approve of your grand-
"father's style, but I dare say the good gen-
"tleman meant well.—Old men are tena-
"cious,—his daughter disappointed his wishes,
"his *excessive affection* for you, makes him sus-

“picious and apprehensive.—He cannot mean
“*all* he says, ’tis only a strong way of express-
“ing his sentiments; more correspondent to
“the prejudices of age than to the feelings of
“a young man. Forget it; I advise you, as a
“friend, to be moderate and complaisant in
“your reply,—some people must be hu-
“moured; consider, his fortune, or even your
“proportionate share of it, is too considerable
“to be sacrificed to pride or feeling;—here-
“after it will make you full amends for tem-
“porising and acquiescing in perfect submission
“to his commands.”

“Never,” said I, warmly, “never will I
“promise submission to ungenerous and in-
“discriminate commands.—It is my duty and
“my inclination to shew him every respect, to
“pay every attention to his wishes, if my
“heart and judgment approve of them;—but
“unqualified obedience no reasonable man
“will exact, and no man of honour will ever
“engage for.”

“You are too much ruffled now,” returned
he, “to hold further conversation on the sub-
“ject.—We are engaged to Madame Le
“Maitre’s,

"Maitre's, this evening;—recollect yourself,
"compose your spirits, that you may meet the
"company with an inclination to please and
"be pleased.—There will be some strangers,
"ladies from Switzerland; do not disgrace
"yourself and your country by a gloomy coun-
"tenance and a constrained manner, which is
"here said to characterize the English. En-
"deavour to be cheerful, and depend upon it
"we shall do very well bye and bye;—mean
"time write, write as you should do, be hum-
"ble and submissive, and assure yourself we
"shall succeed very well;—depend upon my
"good report."

"He quitted my room without waiting
for a reply, which at that moment I could not
have uttered, for his last words had again
rouzed my passions into a ferment. The idea
of duplicity, of writing what my heart could
not dictate, from mean self-interested views,
fired my soul, and immediately I called for my
writing box, to delineate my sentiments as be-
came a man of honour; without forfeiting the
respect or regard due to him as a parent, to
whom

whom I was indebted for his early care in my youth, and my education in riper years.

“I assured him that no part of my conduct should disgrace him or my family,—I said, and with truth, that I rejoiced in the justice of his conduct towards my relatives, that I was superior to all mercenary considerations, and whether I was destined to enjoy part of his fortune, or depend solely on my own small paternal one, I trusted honour and integrity would regulate my actions, that I might hereafter stand acquitted to my own conscience, whatever might be the judgment of others.”

“I congratulated him on his present pleasures, and connexions so correspondent to *his* wishes; but could not help expressing my hope, that as unjust prejudices were done away, and as we had all something to be forgiven for, that he would extend his plan of reconciliation to my mother, whose melancholy and neglected situation called for consideration; and if his vow precluded him from *seeing* her, a few lines expressive of his forgiveness, would sooth her sorrows and smoothe her passage to those regions

gions where all was harmony and peace, and to which I had cause to believe she was hastening very fast.

“Those were the chief contents of my answer. I avoided taking the least notice of his ungenerous threats, or commands relative to Mr. Murray.—I wrote in a style of firmness, but not affrontive; and determined never to temporise or disguise my sentiments on any occasion, or on any subject, on which they were challenged; and therefore it was, that I conceived it a duty, both to my mother and myself, to mention her situation.

CHAP.

C H A P. XIII.

“Beauty depends not merely on the face,
 The shape, or air—but 'tis some nameless grace
 That gives an animation to the whole.”

“**H**AVING thus written to my own satisfaction, I grew more calm; and prepared to accompany Mr. Murray, to the hotel of Madame Le Maitre. The emotions of my heart had animated my face with a glow, and given a spirit to my eyes more than usual, so my governor told me; and said, laughingly, “That passion was very favourable to the countenance of some people; “for by discomposing the features, it removed “the formal hauteur that was repulsive to “lively spirits, and was particularly disagreeable to the French ladies.”

“We entered the assembly of Madame very late; a large company was present, very few

few of which were known to me. I advanced to pay my compliments to the lady of the mansion, when my eyes were caught by the loveliest face I had ever beheld; a young lady, to whom Madame Le Maitre was talking, seated by a very respectable looking middle-aged one. I stopped, and unconsciously at the moment, viewed her so earnestly, that her blushes and averted eyes, alone recalled me to a sense of the rudeness I was guilty of.

“Madame, who had observed the direction of her looks, and apparent confusion, hastily turned round, and saw me, like another Cymon gazing with admiration and astonishment. “Aha!” cried she, gaily seizing my arm, “my young English friend, what are you fascinated by a pair of brilliant beautifuly set? come, come, let me introduce you.”

“She immediately announced me by name, and as the brother of Lord Dunford.

“I had before now been often mortified to observe, that the brother of Lord Dunford, derived more consequence from that supposed distinction, than would have been allowed to plain

plain untitled Mr. Dunford, tho' I was vain enough to think myself his superior. This was the first time that the announced affinity to him had given me any gratification: for having found that it *had* procured me additional respect, I felt anxious to be introduced in the most advantageous manner, to this lovely girl and her mother; who were presented to me, as Madame Blomberg, and her daughter Christina.

“Recovering a little from the emotions so entirely new to my heart, I sought to join in their conversation; when the attention of Madame Le Maitre, being called to some new guests, she left us,—bidding me, supply her place, and attend the commands of the ladies.

“Never had I found myself so diffident and embarrassed—so little capable of starting any subject for conversation. For a few moments I certainly appeared very ridiculous—happily Madame Blomberg relieved me, by enquiring if I had ever travelled thro' Switzerland?

“It immediately occurred to me that those ladies were from that country; and indeed the

the peculiar air of modesty, both in dress and manners, that distinguished the charming Christina, might have assured me, she was no Parisian belle. I replied to the question of Madame Blomberg, in the negative; but added, that I hoped shortly to have that pleasure; as I entertained the highest respect for the characters of the brave Swiss, whose virtues were held in general estimation in all countries.

“The old lady made me a bow of acknowledgement, the young one looked her thanks. “Your good opinion, sir,” said the former, “is very flattering to us; we are inhabitants of the city of Lucern, and not a little partial to our country; for tho’ local prejudices may sometimes be wrong, they are very gratifying to one’s own feelings,—particularly when the judgement of judicious persons, authorize us to indulge them.”

“The last words were pronounced with a half bow, and a look of such complacency, that it inspired me with courage to enter more freely into conversation.

“The

“The old lady was sensible and entertaining; delighted in the opportunity of expatiating on the beauties of her country, and praising some distinguished characters, who would have done honour to any nation. The lovely Christina, joined occasionally in the conversation: she said but little, yet that little was volumes to me—so sensible, and so pertinent were her observations. Yet I was struck, as I seized every opportunity to examine her, with an air of dejection that overspread her features; and which seemed to encrease every moment, when she spoke or turned towards her mother and myself.

“This encreasing melancholy affected me, I died to ask the cause, but dared not presume to make enquiries that must have been deemed impertinent in a stranger.—Both ladies had declined play, and I was permitted for some time to do the same. We had been near an hour together, and I had sent off two or three troublesome, trifling beings, who wanted to engage me to the tables, when I perceived Mr. Murray advancing with a quick step, which, however, slackened, as he came nearer, and

and I saw the beautiful Christina had engaged his attentions and arrested his hasty motions.

“He drew near, with his bold eyes fixed on her, even when he addressed me; and slightly bowing to them,—“Mr. Dunford,” said he, aloud, “are you aware that you make yourself extremely singular by refusing to join your friends, who wait for you at the tables?—I allow for the attractions of these ladies, but no temptations can excuse a breach of politeness, or failure in an engagement.”

“The ladies looked surprised and confused, I was excessively piqued.

“I know of no engagement, Sir,” I replied, with, I believe, great haughtiness, “that deprives me of the right to choose my own situation in this company; and if I am not troublesome to these ladies, and have their permission to keep my seat, I shall not easily be persuaded to give it up.”

“His colour rose, his countenance looked inflamed, and there is no doubt he would have been extremely impertinent, had not a gentleman that moment laid hold of him.—“I wish

"wish to speak with you." They walked off together, tho' Mr. Murray thought fit to cast a look of resentment and indignation at me as he left us.

"The ladies looked embarrassed, I was much hurt, "That gentleman," said I, "is "my travelling tutor, but is not entitled to "dispose of my time or inclinations in this "assembly."

"At least," said Madame Blomberg, "I "must allow it to be a singular circumstance, "for the tutor of a young gentleman to in-
"vite him to the card tables; a dangerous
"amusement for young minds, who often are
"fascinated with a love for play, that is pro-
"ductive of the most ruinous consequences,
"such as the guardian of youth should trem-
"ble for."

"I have nothing to dread on that score," I replied, "play has no particular charms to
"engage me; nor will I ever be drawn into
"its excesses, or go one step beyond being
"amused for an hour or two, without injury
"to my fortune, or morals."

"The
"The

"The old lady paid me some flattering compliments — Christina looked her approbation; but I thought I heard a gentle sigh issue from her lips, and saw her face more clouded. Whether her mother made the same observation, or thought we had been sufficiently long together, I know not, but she rose, and politely thanking me for my attentions, took her daughter's hand, and mixed in a crowd of insignificants that surrounded Madame Le Maitre.

"I dared not follow them, tho' my heart and eyes pursued the charming girl, who had inspired sentiments, wholly new and delicious whilst I gazed on her; but no words can describe the nature of my feelings, when I lost sight of her as she mingled in the crowd.

"I was still fixed to the spot that had given me the last glimpse of her figure, when the Chevalier Renaud, a very libertine young man, whom I had met with at one of the few convivial parties I had frequented, and who being addicted to inebriety, differed much from the generality of his countrymen. — This gentleman flapping my shoulder with an

an easy familiarity, "What, Dunford, art
"thou star-gazing—straining thine eyes after
"a beauteous luminary, that will suddenly
"disappear, and leave thee enveloped in
"darkness?"

"What do you mean?" I replied in a
careless way. "Nay," said he, "don't affect
"ignorance—why the whole assembly is
"already full of your sudden attachment to
"the lovely Swiss girl;—d'ye think we are
"blind?—Look round, my boy, and you'll
"see some pitying, others envying your long
"tete-a-tete,—but every one ready to burst
"with laughing to see that the English phi-
"losopher is caught at last."

"Tho' mortified and enraged at this speech,
the fact was true.—I beheld every eye directed
towards me, with an expression of ridicule that
I could not stand, and was therefore sullenly
walking away,—“Hark'ye,” cried he, laying
hold of my arm, “I can give you some in-
“teresting intelligence about your little di-
“vinity, worth your hearing, and necessary
“perhaps for your repose.”

“Tho'

"Tho' much piqued, I had not the resolution to withdraw from information I so much wished for; but affecting a gay air, "To oblige you," I replied, "and indulge your ideas and conjectures, I will attend to your communications." "O your servant, no doubt to *oblige me*; but faith I am good natured, and tho' you are a downright misanthrope, and will neither drink or play, yet I am inclined to prevent you from falling in love, when the passion must be *hopeless*; otherwise you would have many rivals to contend for your dangerous Helen."

"Madame Blomberg was born in Switzerland, tho' of French parents who had emigrated there;—she was, when young, remarkably handsome, I have heard, and made an advantageous match with Mr. De Blomberg, to whom she bore many children. She has buried her parents and her husband, and has also met with great losses."

"A brother of her father's, many years younger, resided here in Paris, and hearing of her embarrassments offered to take her youngest daughter and educate her; she
"gladly

“gladly accepted an offer, that freed her
“from some anxiety how to provide for her
“child, then ten years old. ’Tis said the
“young lady expressed much reluctance to
“quit her mother and her country; but
“there was no appeal against maternal
“commands. §

“Soon after her arrival, she was placed
“in the same convent where I had two sisters
“educated, from whom I have derived all
“my information. Mean time the son of
“this uncle died; and he possessing a good
“deal of property, took it into his head that
“the two sons of Madame Blomberg, should
“enjoy all the property of both families, and
“the girls, (of which there are three,) should
“be immured in Convents, and compelled to
“take the veil.

“How Madame was drawn in to comply
“with this unnatural requisition, I know
“not; but it seems the two elder ones are
“already professed, in a Convent near Lu-
“cern. The lovely Christina was intended for
“the Convent where she resided, but at her
“earnest supplication she is indulged in taking
“the

“ the vows in the same place with her sisters,
“ and the moment she arrives in Switzerland,
“ will enter on her year of probation.

“ What will still more surprize you is, that
“ the charms of this lovely girl having made
“ some noise, two very handsome offers of
“ marriage have been made to her uncle, and
“ her hand solicited by respectable men.—
“ But the old fellow is priest ridden, and the
“ more she is admired, the more meritorious
“ is, in his opinion, the sacrifice.

“ She has left the convent about a month,
“ her mother came here to meet and conduct
“ her to a living grave. I detest her, and
“ pity the lovely victim; by Heaven, I would
“ not value setting fire to the convent, if
“ that would free her from their power. But
“ nothing can impede the rage of superstition,
“ or give feeling to an unnatural mother,
“ who, 'tis said, is not sorry to get rid of
“ of girls, whom she would hate as imperti-
“ nent rivals, were they to reside with her.

“ Only one thing can add additional cruelty
“ to their barbarous design—that of taking
“ this lovely unfortunate girl into public for

“ the few days she remains here ; to give her
“ a taste for pleasures she must for ever resign,
“ and hazard the chance of interesting her
“ heart, when its feelings are soon to be con-
“ fined within the walls of a cloyster.

“ This, Mr. Dunford,” concluded he, with
more appearance of sensibility than I should
have given him credit for, “ this is the history
“ of the fascinating Christina ; and I must
“ inform you, that in her situation, ’tis dan-
“ gerous equally to *her* repose and *your own*,
“ to be too much interested, or desirous of
“ her company ; and will account to you for
“ the uninterrupted tete-a-tete you were per-
“ mitted to enjoy.—Many envied you, but
“ almost every man here knows she is for-
“ bidden fruit, and as such, too dangerous
“ an object to trifle with.”

“ Here he finished the melancholy tale,
and walked off without waiting for my com-
ments, or noticing my emotions, which were
almost undefinable to myself.

“ I retired to the garden for a few minutes
to recover from a shock that seemed to stag-
nate all my senses. — I saw nothing, could
think

think of nothing but this lovely and unfortunate victim ; I returned to the room and sought for her—she was seated by an old lady I had seen twice before, but her name was unknown to me.

“ Impelled by emotions I could not restrain, I advanced to them. My countenance was the index of my mind ; she seemed startled, and viewed me with concern and surprize depicted in her legible countenance. The good lady made room between them.—“ Sit down, “ Sir, I fear you are not well ; you look as if “ you had the disorder of your country upon “ you.—Poor fellow,” added she, taking my hand, “ your nerves, as you call them, are “ terribly disordered.” I bowed, attempted to smile, but could not articulate a word ; Christina *looked* a thousand unutterable things, but said nothing.

“ The voluble French woman ridiculed our foggy island ; the dullness and taciturnity of its inhabitants ; and affected to lament that such charming fellows had neither sensibility nor vivacity.—“ Equally unqualified, she said,

for companions or lovers, tho' they might be good *husbands* and *fathers*."

"Rouzed by her raillery, I defended my countrymen with some spirit ; and attempted to prove, tho' neither loquacious flatterers, or *agreeable triflers*, that they possessed the most feeling hearts, the strictest integrity, and that *real sensibility*, which produced the warmest affection, and persevering constancy for the object to whom they attached themselves.—Turning to Christina, "Charming young lady," said I, with real fervor, "be not *you* prejudiced by the vivacity of this good lady, who diverts herself at the expence of my feelings. Believe me, an Englishman knows how to love with as much ardor, and I presume to say, with more fidelity, than any other nation."

"The old lady seemed diverted by my earnestness ; Christina replied, "I have a very high respect for the English nation, and have no doubt but that they possess every amiable quality of the soul."—The few words that are uttered from lips of sincerity, in my opinion far outweigh that torrent of nothings,

nothings, those unmeaning compliments, indiscriminately offered, and as lightly thought of, by common triflers of both sexes.

“ I bowed with a full heart. — “ Lord, “ child,” said her companion, “ how have “ you learnt to make those distinctions? — “ brought up in a Convent all your days, and “ destined for a nun.”

“ My eyes met those of the lovely victim, her’s were suffused with tears;—she looked down, and replied in a low voice,—“ Your “ pardon, Madam, for speaking my sentiments so freely; I had some English friends “ in the convent for whom I had the highest “ esteem; I saw many of *their* friends during “ my residence with them, and I learnt from “ their good sense and amiable manners, to “ despise general censure on any nation whatever—to be convinced that the virtues are “ seated in the heart, and that modesty is as “ much the characteristic of wisdom, as volubility is of folly.—I speak in general terms, “ no doubt there are exceptions to both.”

“ My soul dwelt on her lips,—I scarcely respired whilst she was speaking. Just as she

stopped two ladies came up to speak to her companion.—I seized the lucky moments,
“ Ah ! Madam,” said I, “ for Heaven’s sake
“ resist the tyrannic and unjust views that
“ condemn you to a Convent ; believe an
“ Englishman, who will devote his life to
“ serve you. — I will follow you, amiable
“ Christina, wherever you go ; my life, my
“ fortune, my whole soul is at your disposal.”
“ I spoke with an energy that affected her.
She raised her humid eyes,—“ I thank you,
“ Sir, for the generous concern you seem to
“ feel for my situation, but it would ill be-
“ come me to resist the commands of those I
“ am bound to obey ; much less ought I to
“ give the least encouragement to the pur-
“ suit you speak of.—I am resigned to the
“ destiny that awaits me ; all attempts to
“ subvert it must be fruitless, and disgraceful
“ to me. I wish you happiness, Sir, and
“ once more offer my thanks ; you can on’y
“ oblige me by your good wishes for my
“ peace ;—after this day, we must meet no
“ more.”

I

"I was going to reply with warmth, when the old lady addressed her, "My dear, let us meet your mother, she will not be prevailed upon to play longer." Both bowed to me and walked from the seat, where I sat the image of despair for some time; and when I arose, and traversed the rooms, the object my heart languished to behold, was no longer to be seen.

"The idea of love at first sight has been often ridiculed, nor do I pretend to defend it; my example has no weight.—Let it be considered, I had been brought up in retirement,—and had seen very few women—for my grandfather received no families after his daughter's marriage.—The Parisian ladies I had been introduced to, were light and frivolous, they could do nothing but amuse; mine was an unadulterated heart, that must esteem the person I admired, and till I saw the beautiful Christina, I was perfectly a stranger to those genuine emotions of the soul, that springs to meet the kindred mind.

"Had she been gay, talkative, or affected, my heart would have been untouched, tho'

my eyes might have confessed her beauty. It was the speaking modesty of her countenance, the undescribable graces of her person, and the intelligence that beamed in her eyes, that rivetted my attention, and took fast hold of my heart.—But to return.

“After wandering round the apartments, and being convinced that the object I sought for had been taken from my sight, I fixed myself at the back of Mr. Murray’s chair, who was still engaged at the card table.

“As he quitted me with no very friendly aspect, and I had spoken to him with some asperity, I expected no very cordial meeting; I was therefore surprised to meet a friendly nod, and a smiling countenance as he looked at me over his shoulder.

“I kept my post without being at all sensible what was passing, until the game was finished, and he arose from his chair in perfect good humour, exclaiming, “Am I not a fortunate fellow, to-night?”—I answered “Yes,” tho’ unconscious whether he had won or lost.—It was now a late hour, and we returned home; he made not a single observation on my conduct,

and I had no inclination to talk ; the occurrences of the evening were not discussed, and I gladly retired to rest.

“ That I passed a sleepless night may be easily credited; and when we met at breakfast, Mr. Murray observed that I looked extremely grave and languid. “ You appear “ fatigued,” said he, his large eyes fixed on my face, “ literally with doing nothing, for “ I think you were entirely unemployed the “ whole evening; but indeed indolence and “ inactivity, is to the full as likely to create “ lassitude and weariness, as if you had been “ engaged in manual exercise.”

“ There was no *choice* of amusements,” I replied, “ and you know cards is not my “ passion.”

“ Without having a *passion* for them,” returned he, “ you might assimilate your taste “ to the amusements that engage others, and “ play for an hour or two, if but for trifles. “ All singularity is unpleasant to yourself and “ others, and is generally productive of neglect, if not of contempt. But, apropos—

"who were those ladies I saw you in close conversation with?"

"I felt my blood mount to my face, and even my tongue faltered, when I briefly said, they were natives of Switzerland. He looked at me without speaking, and seemed for some minutes lost in thought. My seat grew uneasy—I arose—he recovered from his reverie—"We must call this morning to make our compliments to Madame Le Maitre."—"Whenever you please," I returned, and withdrew.

"When alone I retraced in my mind the story of the lovely Christina—a Nun—compelled to take the veil—good Heaven, what cruelty! Surely it could not be, that her friends would reject an eligible offer. It was the first moment marriage had ever occupied a thought in my mind—I sighed, and involuntarily exclaimed, "What a happy enviable man would the husband of Christina be! "Would to Heaven there was a possibility of her being mine."

"Unhappy, anxious, and oppressed, I attended the summons of Mr. Murray; and perfectly

perfectly silent we reached the door of the hotel; then turning to me, "I would advise you," said he, with a piercing look, "not to carry that taciturnity into the presence of Madame Le Maitre, it may subject you to invidious remarks, neither honourable to yourself or me."

"The door opened, we entered the apartment, and the first objects I saw, were Christina and her mother. Scarcely could I suppress my emotions from uttering a cry of joy. I barely saluted Madame, whilst involuntarily I placed myself by the side of Christina, and eagerly enquired of *her* health, and of her mother's.

"My agitations were very visible, and I thought the dear girl trembled when she made a polite answer; her words were caught up by her mother, who in the most distant formal terms, thanked me for my politeness, in a tone so different from her unreserved manner the preceeding evening, that I felt the repulse to my heart.

"I was again going to speak, when she arose without looking at me, and advanced

to the lady of the house, who had been talking in a low voice to Murray.

"We must now take our leave," said Madame Blomberg, "accept my thanks for your kindness to Christina, whom you see for the last time—unless you should ever visit her Convent in Lucern. I shall be happy to acknowledge your civilities in Switzerland, if you will afford me the opportunity."

"Ah!" replied Madame, "I exceedingly regret"— "Pardon me for interrupting you," returned the other, "unavailing regrets must be suppressed—few of us are our own carvers—happiness is rarely to be attained; those are fortunate therefore, that have peace and tranquillity assured to them."

"Not a word of this was lost on me; every syllable sunk into my soul. My eyes were fixed on Christina; she once timidly raised her's, but they instantly fell under my ardent gaze, and a blush of crimson suffused her cheek. She was called to make her last compliments. I started, my eyes followed her

her—and ah! how greatly did I envy Madame Le Maitre that sweet embrace the enchanting girl bestowed on her.

“Tears, tears that pierced my heart, dropped on her cheek! “When far from
“hence, Madame,” said she, “I shall re-
“member with pleasure, the favours you
“have honoured me with; and in my orisons
“to Heaven, you will not be forgotten.” She
could say no more—Madame’s tears bedewed
the lovely victim’s face. “To that Heaven
“we must look forward to reward your vir-
“tues, my dear Christina; if to be good, is
“to be happy, your felicity cannot be
“doubted of.”

“Whilst my whole soul was absorbed in
this scene, the unfeeling mother took her
hand—“We keep the gentlemen standing”
—then with another adieu to Madame, and
a bow to us, she left the room, but not before
I had flown to the door, and in defiance of
her frowns, led the trembling Christina to the
bottom of the steps. I pressed her hand, and
turning to her mother, “I hope shortly,
“Madame, to have the honour of paying my
“respects

"respects to you at Lucern." Her only reply was a cold and stiff motion of her head; whilst my eyes met her daughter's suffused with tears.

"It must be owned love had made a wonderful transformation in a short period; it had given me animation and courage, beyond what I supposed myself possessed of, and I returned to the apartment, so filled with the passion that agitated my heart, that I was no ways concerned for the observations my conduct might have caused, and perfectly indifferent to their censures or conjectures.

"When I rejoined them, Madame Le Maitre had just began the story of Christina, and without noticing my emotions, she related nearly the same facts I had heard the preceding evening, adding, "That having a niece in the same Convent, where the poor girl was placed by her great uncle, she had very often invited her to her house, and had frequent opportunities of admiring her good sense, sweetness of temper, and many accomplishments, which entitled her to a better fate than to be immured in a Cloyster for life."

"But

"But

“But she understood that Madame Blomberg’s family had all been traders, tho’ she had fortunately married a gentleman, that is, a man of a small independence, but not of *noble birth*. Her two sons however were in the army, and this absurd uncle of her’s having acquired some money, and quitted business, was mightily desirous that the first two gentlemen in the family, should inherit all his money. The weak and unjust Madame Blomberg, had fallen in with his designs, and agreed to sacrifice her daughters, to the aggrandisement of the sons.”

“I devoured every word of this little narrative, as if I had never heard it before; and even Mr. Murray seemed affected, pitied the poor young lady, and execrated the mother. I *said* little, tho’ my feelings were tremblingly alive to the wrongs of this lovely girl; and I am sure my emotions did not pass unobserved, tho’ not verbally taken notice of.

“From that hour my whole thoughts were employed in planning schemes to go immediately to Switzerland, but I knew we must wait some time for remittances and letters of credit;

credit: mean while the house of Madame Le Maitre, was my favourite haunt. She certainly was the most respectable of our acquaintance; and tho' rather gay, and not among the highest circles in Paris, she saw good company of both sexes, without being fastidious, so that her rooms were well filled.

"But she had a superior merit, in my eyes, to the first woman in Paris—she loved and pitied Christina—she indulged me in talking of her.—Even Mr. Murray spoke of her with approbation, and one day said, "he hoped we should hear more of her when we visited Lucern."—I caught at his words, "And I suppose," said I, "that will not be long first, as we have now passed many months in Paris."—"I have already written to your grandfather," said he carelessly, "for remittances that may enable us to make the tour of Switzerland."—"Ah," cried Madame, "I shall entrust you then with some little remembrances to the dear Christina; and whilst she is in her noviciate, you will see her without difficulty."

"No

"No language can describe the delight I felt at this Idea, which I resolved to pursue; and Mr. Murray leaving me, to pay a visit to some of his gambling friends, where I had constantly declined attending him, I renewed the conversation about Christina, and growing warm on the subject, Madame Le Maitre exclaimed, "My God! I hope you are not "in love with the little girl?"

"I know," said I, a little confused at her abrupt question, "that her happiness is very "dear to me; and that I admire her more "than any woman I have ever seen."

"Hélas! my pauvre chevalier," returned she, "my good friend, I really pity you—" "I see it now too plainly, you are far gone "in the tender passion—unfortunately a hope- "less one; unless the young lady felt a mu- "tual flame, and had courage to refuse taking "the vows."

"How!" cried I, "*can she refuse?*—is it possible she has that liberty!" "Undoubtedly "she has," returned Madame, "but 'tis a step "so rarely entered upon, so difficult and re- "proachful to a timid and delicate mind, "that

“ that few, very few, have the courage to
“ incur the disgrace ; nor are there many who
“ have views or resources to warrant so des-
“ perate an undertaking—a certainty of being
“ forever reprobated by their family, braving
“ the censure of the church, and the scorn of
“ unfeeling minds, who will take care to affix
“ the most unworthy motives to so extraor-
“ dinary a conduct.

“ Thus you see,” continued she, “ that many
“ unhappy victims appear voluntarily to se-
“ clude themselves, because they have no
“ alternative, but to incur disgrace, poverty,
“ and shame.

—“ But,” cried I, “ can those unnatural
“ parents, can those bigots in a cloyster
“ believe, that such sacrifices are acceptable
“ to Heaven?”

“ On this subject,” returned she, “ you
“ must permit me to be silent. You judge
“ of *their* conduct from your own modes of
“ faith ; we are perfectly satisfied with *ours* ;
“ and the *rules it imposes*.—I confess that I am
“ sorry for the amiable girl we are speaking
“ of, but as her destiny is fixed, and there
“ scarcely

“ scarcely exists a possibility that it *can* be
“ changed,—for her honour and peace, and
“ for your own repose, I advise you to struggle
“ against this hopeless passion, and by no
“ means to think of going to Lucern.”

“ I feel most gratefully the kindness and
“ propriety of your advice,” said I, with a
“ deep sigh, “ but little as I have seen of that
“ lovely maid, her charms and character, nay,
“ her very misfortunes, have made so deep an
“ impression on my heart, that all considerations
“ are weak ;—all difficulties vanish into
“ nothing before the energy of my affection ;
“ and whilst there exists a possible chance
“ that she may escape those dreadful vows so
“ cruelly imposed, I never will relinquish hope,
“ or forbear to nourish my passion with the
“ sweet remembrance of its object.”

“ Madame Le Maitre viewed me with
astonishment ; “ Your ardour surprises me,”
said she, “ I did not expect any thing like it,
“ from your character—dull, insensible, and
“ splenetic ; I believed you to be the exact
“ counterpart of your foggy island. How
“ am I deceived !—Why, I question if Amadis
“ de

“ de Gaul, or any other hero of romance
“ would have made a more flaming speech.”

“ Raillery apart, dear Madam,” returned I,
“ be assured I boast *one* of the virtues attached
“ to my countrymen, that of sincerity ;—and
“ insensibility you see forms no part of my
“ character—tho’ I am not flexible enough
“ to follow the lead of every man, or make
“ love to every pretty woman.”

“ Well,” said she, “ you are an extraor-
“ dinary young fellow ; you have hid your
“ talents under a bushel, for I never saw you
“ half so agreeable before. But love, they
“ say does wonders, and assuredly the little
“ divinity has given *you* a new soul.—But, my
“ young friend, how are we to reconcile your
“ attachment with the laws of prudence ?—
“ Were Miss Blomberg free to-morrow, in all
“ probability she would not have a shilling,
“ neither nobility of birth ; now I under-
“ stand, both fortune and rank are expected
“ in your wife.”

“ True,” replied I, “ there are unreasonable
“ people in every country ; but at the worst,
“ I have a small independence, that laid out
“ to

"an advantage, would support me genteely
"in this country."

"The old story," said she smiling, "Love
"and a Cottage.—Don't deceive yourself, a
"small independence will not support a family.
"However, enough on this subject ; I hope,
"in a calmer hour you will permit reason to
"take the lead in your councils, and that you
"will less value your own uncertain prospects,
"than the peace of Miss Blomberg, which
"you may ruin forever by your pursuits ;—
"whereas she is now reconciled to a fate she
"considers as inevitable."

"Before I could reply, some company
came in, and soon after I took my leave,
deeply impressed with her last argument.—
Mr. Murray was perfectly silent on the sub-
ject, tho' I was certain he could not be ig-
norant of my attachment ; I therefore waited
impatiently for the remittances, to see if he
would proceed to Switzerland or not.

"During this pause in my affairs, I was
constant in my visits to Madame Le Maitre ; I
received nevertheless invitations to different
houses, all of which I declined, passing most
of

of my time in acquiring the French and Italian languages ; whilst I was looked upon as the devoted servant to Madame Le Maitre; a circumstance that diverted us both.

“ I returned from her hotel one evening rather early, and found two letters, both with black seals ; one addressed to myself, I saw was from the faithful old servant of my mother, the other, directed to Mr. Murray, was in a hand unknown to me.

“ My heart immediately anticipated the contents, and sickened at the Idea. I tore it open,—there was a small enclosure in my mother’s hand, but the first lines in the envelope confirmed my fears,—my unfortunate parent had breathed her last !

“ ’Tis no ways material to repeat the contents of the posthumous letter,—my poor mother severely reprobated her own conduct, from whence, she said, had originated all the evils of her life, and the cruel neglects she had met with from her family.

“ She advised me to counteract the malicious designs of artful persons, by a steady adherence to the laws of honour and prudence;

dence; and never intentionally to run counter to the wishes of my grandfather. The remainder of her letter was expressive of tenderness, and such advice on my conduct thro' life, as she, from painful experience, was so competent to bestow, free from every interested motive, but for my honour and happiness.

“ This event greatly affected me, and the more, as it appeared by the other letter which covered it, that she had not the satisfaction of seeing one of her family, but to her former faithful attendant was indebted for the last sad offices due to the sick, and to the dead. Tho' advice of her danger had been sent to the Colonel and Lord Dunford, ten days previous to her decease; no notice was taken of the information 'till all was over, and the undertaker received his instructions.

“ This inhuman, unnatural neglect, was truly shocking; but it is too truly observed, that when vanity and pride predominate in the heart, it swallows up all the social affections, and deadens the self-sufficient being to every sentiment of goodness, tenderness, and gratitude.

“ When

“When Mr. Murray returned, he saw the effect produced by this melancholy letter that lay before me. He opened the one addressed to him, which he said, confirmed the account of my mother’s death; with the remittances he had written for, and an additional fifty pounds to me, from my grandfather, for mourning, *“as he supposed I should be for buying black.”*

“The extreme indifference with which he mentioned the death of an only child, and permitting her to expire without the consolation of receiving his blessing or forgiveness, filled my heart with indignation; and impressed it with such an idea of his cruelty, and want of sensibility, that I really shuddered at receiving any favours from a man of his description.

“Mr. Murray went on perusing his letter, heedless of my agitations. I saw it was a very long one, but not a syllable transpired to me but what related to the fifty pounds.—He put up the letter.—“I will go out and receive the money,” said he, “and order the tradesmen to attend you.”—He left me directly to my own reflections.

CHAP.

C H A P. XIV.

"The censure of the world too often falls, not on the guilty, but the unfortunate."

"MR. Murray, on his return, put the fifty pounds into my hands, without naming the sum he had himself received, tho' a hundred pounds was then due to me, and I had hitherto received my allowance myself. Hurt at this circumstance, I said, 'Pray then, Sir, are the bills made payable to you?—May I ask what remittances have been made?'"

"Certainly," returned he, with a consequential air, "the bills *are made payable to me*;—I have received a hundred pounds for our disbursements here, and letters of credit for another like sum when we arrive at Lucern."

“My heart fluttered at the mention of that city, and for a moment I forgave his extraordinary procedure. Recovering from the temporary exultation, I remarked, “There seemed to be new measures adopted in pecuniary matters, which I could not account for, and thought very degrading to myself.”

“The truth is,” said he, “your grandfather has discovered that you appropriated part of your income for your mother—he thinks you may have other pensioners—and does not feel it incumbent on him to have his money squandered, or disposed of without his knowledge; therefore he has desired me to disburse all expences in future.”

“’Tis well, Sir,” I replied, haughtily, “my actions may be controuled by those who have a short-lived power over me, but thank Heaven, my mind is not in subjection.”

“I quitted the room greatly oppressed, for tho’ I could not be supposed to feel that excessive tenderness for my mother, which children brought up under the roof of a parent, must naturally indulge; yet she was dear to me, both as the author of my being, and a
much

much wronged, ill-treated woman. The sorrow I felt, added to the new indignity offered thro' Mr. Murray, with this secret letter not communicated, and written in a strange hand, —altogether perplexed and wounded my feelings more than I chose to express.

“ Another circumstance gave rise to many conjectures — his avowed intention of going to Lucern. I had learnt from Madame Le Maitre, that he had noticed my sudden prepossession in favour of Miss Blomberg, tho' he had not spoken to me of it; neither had I committed myself to him. Still *he had observed it*; and knowing that young lady was to reside in Lucern, it appeared strange he should have fixed on that city, as our principal resting place, in the projected tour.

“ Sometimes I thought *he* was in love with her, and that his own wishes led him there; but the very dissipated life he led, was incompatible with a virtuous passion. For so irregular, and in his situation, so very improper was his conduct, that more than once I felt inclined to write to my grandfather and acquaint him with Mr. Murray's mode of pass-

ing his time; and should have done it, but that I had cause to fear "My favour was in the wane," and his influence far superior to mine, consequently I should only draw upon myself additional mortifications from my grandfather, and ill treatment from a man with whom I was condemned to remain at least another year.

"Thus compelled to be silent, I viewed his actions with disgust, and hourly regretted the loss of that worthy man, who had been my monitor and friend; of whose correspondence so cordially promised, I was, by some unaccountable circumstance deprived; for which I could assign no cause, unless he was ill, gone to some more distant country, or rudely interdicted from writing to me.

"Reviewing therefore every point in the conduct of Mr. Murray, his attachment to the pleasures of Paris, his little complaisance to me, and his fixed intention of going to Lucern, I grew more puzzled and confounded at such palpable contradictions; but he wrapped himself up in a close reserve to me, and as I would not be the companion of his pleasures,

pleasures, he affected a contempt for my understanding and *feminine* manners, and foresaw that "I should ever be a pusillanimous fellow, without wit or spirit."

"This sarcasm was frequently thrown out, but lost its intended effect on me; for the lessons of Mr. Belmont, from my early youth, against gambling, and the adventure of Lord Dunford at the play-house, which had spoken more than volumes to my feelings, were talismans that guarded me equally against excessive play, and disgusting ebriety.

"In little more than a week after the arrival of the letters I have mentioned, we were ready to leave Paris, where I had resided near twelve months. The day previous to our departure, Madame Le Maitre wished for a private conference, and I attended her at an hour she was not likely to be broken in upon by company.

"She received me with an air of kindness.
"Sit down, my young friend, without ceremony.—We are going to lose you, I am
"sorry for it; for tho' you are a prototype of
"your gloomy country, I have hopes that time,

“and the enlivening darts of the little blind deity, may give you proper animation, and enable you to shake off the rust of a confined education.”

“Will you add to your favours, by honouring me with your commands to the charming Miss Blomberg,” said I?—She shook her head, “You are then going to Lucern?” “Most certainly, Madam.”

“’Tis a surprising affair, beyond my comprehension,” returned she, “for I cannot help telling you that your sudden attachment to the amiable Christina was not unobserved by Mr. Murray. In consequence of which he was extremely minute in his enquiries respecting her birth and circumstances.—He appeared to be alarmed and displeased at the result of his investigation, said, he should write to your friends and soon separate you from an object so dangerous.”

“Within this last fortnight he has several times mentioned your restlessness and occasional melancholy—imputed both to love—and affected to treat your passion with ridicule.”

“cule and indifference;—but that he should
“take you directly to a place so dangerous
“to your repose, and so inimical to the views
“of your family, is an enigma I cannot
“solve.”

“I own to you, Madam,” I replied, “that
“the same unaccountable circumstance has
“dwelt on my mind, and that I am equally
“at a loss with yourself to form any con-
“jectures on it, that can afford me a clue to
“unravel his motives.”

“My good young friend,” said she, “take
“care of yourself; tho’ you are deficient in
“gallantry and those petit besoins, that re-
“commend your sex to our’s, yet there is a
“manner, a something I cannot describe,
“which has attached me to you. I believe
“you have sensibility, and that your little so-
“leciſms in good breeding, are the errors of
“education, not the coldness of your heart.
“I therefore repeat, take care of yourself;—
“I fear there is treachery and ill-designs
“against you somewhere.”

“I thanked her for her kindness, and ac-
knowledgeed, that I believed there were per-
sons

sons interested to make every advantage of any circumstances that might happen to appear wrong, or impolitic, in my actions:—

“But surely,” said I, “Mr. Murray cannot condescend to be a tool—the mean instrument of undeserved envy and ill-will against me.”

“I know not,” answered she, “what are his sentiments or intentions; but if he is capable of any baseness or duplicity, it behoves you to counteract him. I advise you most earnestly, to avoid all intercourse with Madame Blomberg and her daughter—You can do nothing for the poor Christina, but involve her in trouble, and disturb her repose. To love, to esteem her truly, you must see her no more—it would be ungenerous and selfish, to purchase a slight, momentary gratification, at the expence of her peace, when there are insuperable bars between you. Be assured, the sacrifice of your inclination, can be but a temporary pain; but if you distress her, and involve yourself in self-reproach, your regrets will be as great, as they must be unavailing.”

“I

"I kissed the hand of my kind adviser, and assured her, that every syllable was engraven on my heart. "I must not then," added I, "ask you for any commissions?"

"No," replied she, "I have well considered your situation, and the dangers that may attend any future interviews. I wish you happy—be cautious and discreet.—If you can change your rout, I counsel you to do it; if not, act with prudence and self-denial, and you will defeat every machination of your enemies, and feel the pleasure of self-approbation."

"I quitted Madame Le Maitre with a full heart; my reason subscribed to the propriety of her lessons—I was compelled to acknowledge that I ought to observe them. But, alas! how few have the virtue to practice self-denial—to submit to the cold laws of prudence, at an age when the passions are all alive, and when the refractory heart, filled with one dear object, is impelled forward to the gratification of its wishes! O, my friend, my monitor, my revered Belmont! 'Twas in this moment I felt my irreparable loss; his

M 5

gentle

gentle counsels might have directed my judgment, soothed my passions, and guarded my conduct! Warm and inconsiderate, I plunged into the snares spread for my ruin, and accelerated the malicious designs of my enemies, by my own mad folly.

“After a sleepless night, I arose to enter upon our proposed tour thro’ Switzerland.—I thought Mr. Murray’s eagerness to quit the scene of his pleasures was by no means indicative of any good to me; for I had no cause to give him credit on the score of compliance to any wish of mine, and therefore was persuaded he had motives for his conduct that tended to his own gratification.

CHAP.

C H A P. XV.

“ True love strikes root in reason.”

“ It is virtue alone that forms durable connexions.”

“ OUR journey was silent and solitary, rarely together but at our meals—and in the room of observations on the roads, or occurrences that past, each seemed wrapped up in reserve, his mind clouded by his own reflections. Mr. Murray, now and then affected cheerfulness, but it presently sunk into thoughtfulness; particularly one day when I casually remarked, “ We hastened thro’ the towns and provinces, as if our only object in view, was to reach Lucern.”

“ Have you any desire to stop at different places,” said he, with a penetrating look; “ has your inclination varied since you expressed particular pleasure in the promise of
— visiting

“visiting that city?” I could answer nothing but a single negative to these questions, for ’tis most certain my inclinations and reason were at war within, but the former predominated; and I foolishly deceived myself in the belief, that I only wished to *hear* the lovely Christina was well and happy, and that I should have sufficient fortitude to abide by the advice of Madame Le Maitre, and by no means make any attempt to see her in the Convent.

“The sequel will shew “How weak is reason when opposed to love”—and that there have been instances, where the wisest stoic has found by the tenor of his own conduct, on some seductive occasions, that reason is too insufficient to counteract or subdue the violent emotions of the heart, without feeling such agonies as have sometimes proved fatal to virtue. Reason must not slumber, or deliberate—strong and vigorous exertions must be made to repel temptations, or all is lost.

“At length we arrived at Lucern. My heart beat quick when we entered the city; and

and I looked eagerly on every object, as if I expected to meet Christina at every step.

“It was the middle of the day when our journey concluded;—in the evening we walked out, Mr. Murray threw off his reserve, and grew talkative. He made many pleasant observations, but my mind was agitated and perplexed—for of whom could I learn any thing of Christina, but her mother, and ought I to hazard a visit at her house?

“These were my reflections; and occasioned me to return but very vague answers to the numberless remarks, and questions of Mr. Murray. My distraction could not escape his notice, tho’ he appeared indifferent to my strange behaviour.—But at night when we returned to supper, I was entirely thrown off my guard, nor could he affect ignorance to my situation any longer.

“Tomorrow,” said he, in a careless way, but with his eyes glancing at me, “tomorrow
“I shall pay my compliments to Madame
“Blomberg, have you any objection to accompany me?” I felt extremely agitated,
“Tomorrow—to Madame Blomberg—any
“objection

“objection—surely not—but how, what introduction have you to that lady?”

“O,” replied he, laughing, “I have *my credentials*, and if *you* chuse to avail yourself of the opportunity, you will see those ladies you can hardly have forgotten, after devoting an entire evening to their amusement; unless indeed, your chere amie, Madame Le Maitre, has obliterated the temporary impression.”

“I must request, Sir,” returned I, with some spirit, “that you will not speak of that lady in such light terms. I am proud of the friendship Madame Le Maitre favoured me with; she is a woman of honour, and I have many obligations to her politeness.”

“And who doubts it,” answered he, sneeringly, “you had so many agreeable tete-a-tetes, that there were all the opportunities in the world for reciprocal politeness. But I suppose you are afraid, that I should inform your petit Maitresse of your pleasant *devoirs* to Madame.”

“I entertain no fears, Sir,” said I, haughtily, “of *any reports* you chuse to make with
“that

“that regard to truth that becomes a man of
“honour. But permit me to say, your lan-
“guage wants explanation—who is it you
“call my little Mistress; and why should I fear
“any information relative to my conduct?”

“Since you are pleased to assume airs of
“consequence, and challenge me so rudely,
“when I only intended a little badinage, I
“must tell you, young Sir,—that all Paris
“talked of your intrigue with Madame Le
“Maitre, tho’ you chose to carry on a decep-
“tive appearance of morals that no one ever
“gave you credit for;—allowing for the passions
“of youth, I passed over the affair, and left
“you in her hands till our journey was fixed
“on.—But tho’ I was silent, do not suppose
“that I was blind.

“As to your violent and sudden attachment
“to Miss Blomberg, you made yourself too
“ridiculous to the whole company to escape
“notice.—Every young fellow in the room
“laughed to see the green-horn, the senti-
“mental philosopher so suddenly caught.—
“And Madame Le Maitre no doubt seized
“the opportunity while the heart was warm,
“to

“ to place her image there as a substitute,
“ when the pretty Christina was so hastily
“ taken off.”

“ Your language, sentiments, and conclu-
“ sions, are equally scurrilous and unjust, Mr.
“ Murray ;—but if this attachment you speak
“ of was so very obvious to every one, pray,
“ Sir, what is the intention of bringing me
“ here ?—Do you approve, and wish to en-
“ courage the partiality you allude to ?—Or,
“ are you ignorant that the young lady is de-
“ signed for a nun, and that she is no doubt
“ already in a Convent ?”

“ I shall not answer your impertinent inter-
“ rogatories, Sir,” replied he, with an inflamed
countenance, “ neither shall I forget or pardon
“ *your language* ; be assured you shall repent
“ it.—Henceforth, Sir, remember I am your
“ Governor ; that I have a claim to your
“ respect and obedience..

“ I can see through your art and duplicity.
“ *I have my own views in coming here* ; and you
“ may rely on it, that *you shall never see Miss*
“ *Blomberg*.—Like Tantalus, you may think
“ you can reach at the fruit, which shall for
“ ever

“ ever elude your grasp, and you shall know
“ me for the arbiter of your destiny.”

“ He left the room in a violent rage, nor was I more tranquil; his treatment and language were insupportable. But what could I do?—Had I challenged him, the character he appeared in would have authorised him to put me under confinement.—He would tell his own tale, and I should have been considered as a mad hot-headed youth, and must have borne all the ignominy both there and with my family.—And what was still a superior consideration with me, I should have been represented to Miss Blomberg in the most contemptible light, and deprived of all possibility of doing myself justice.

“ Thus disagreeably circumstanced, when reason resumed her empire over my passions, I regretted that I had continued a conversation so replete with mortifications, and had imprudently forfeited the chance of seeing the lovely Christina; as now it could not be expected that he would introduce me at Madame Blomberg’s.

“ I

“ I retired to bed under a thousand inquietudes—sometimes I thought it would not be derogatory to my character, as his pupil, if I made a slight apology for my warmth.—Then I rejected the idea as a piece of meanness over which he would triumph, and give him a licence to offer fresh insults. Then his unaccountable procedure in coming to Lucern, struck me as a scheme or plot, which must some way or other be detrimental to my interest. I had no one to consult—not a friend on earth to advise or direct me.

“ We met the next morning at the breakfast table—he looked haughty and fullen—I certainly did not appear in a *pleasant humour*.—The barrier was broken, he could not affect a regard for me, or seem ignorant of my sentiments.—I felt myself insulted, threatened, and despised.

“ We were both silent—perhaps he expected an apology I could not determine with myself to make—when we were agreeably relieved by the introduction of two gentlemen to whom he had sent letters the preceding evening. They offered to attend us through the city,
and

and the elder one insisted on our dining with him. He applied himself to me, I said, "If
" Mr. Murray is disengaged, and it is agree-
" able to *him*, I shall be happy to accept the
" invitation."

" This compliment relaxed the severity
of his looks towards me ; he replied civilly,
and readily acceded to the visit. We had
walked some time round the different streets,
when Mr. Murray asked one of the gentlemen
if he knew where Madame Blomberg resided.
" Affuredly I do," said he, " she is my rela-
" tion, and lives in the next street." " Then,"
returned Murray, " I will commit this gentle-
" man to your care, whilst I pay my respects
" there, and will join you in an hour at your
" house."

" By no means," replied the stranger, " we
" will accompany you ; I shall have the plea-
" sure to introduce you."

" Murray was disconcerted,—“ Pardon me,
" Sir,” said he, “ I wish not to trouble you
" now, and on second thoughts will defer my
" visit till to-morrow, for I believe I have not
" my letters of introduction with me.”

“ So

“ So much the better,” returned the other,
“ they may add to your welcome another day,
“ should my interest prove insufficient to en-
“ sure it.”—“ O, by all means let us go,”
said the younger, whose name was De Bude,
“ I shall be glad to see once more that beau-
“ tiful girl, who is so soon to be buried from
“ the world.”—“ See her you will not,” re-
turned Mr. De Pretzler, “ for she is gone back
“ to the Convent. I assure you that I feel
“ little less regret than you do, that her mo-
“ ther is determined to make her a nun;—yet
“ having no fortune, what can she do better?”

“ Murray had looked at me, I translated
his meaning,—but again passion superceded
prudence. “ It is a barbarous policy,” said I
“ to aggrandize one part of the family, at the
“ expence of an innocent victim; and in my
“ opinion that parent is inexcusable, who
“ forces a lovely young creature into a living
“ grave, when possibly there are hundreds who
“ would feel themselves honoured in devoting
“ their lives to her.”

“ De Pretzler was struck by my warmth,—
“ You have a generous way of thinking, Sir,
“ but

“ but young girls without fortune have little
“ chance of settling well ; the experiment is
“ too hazardous to let them remain in the
“ world, and the young lady we have been
“ speaking of has been educated for a monastic
“ life.”

“ Those words brought us to the door, and without noticing my disorder, Mr. De Pretzler sent up our names ; and we immediately followed to the apartment of Madame Blomberg.

“ To my infinite astonishment she received Mr. Murray with an air of freedom and kindness—myself with cool politeness, as if she had never seen me before. Mr. Murray apologised for waiting on her without his introductory letters, her answer was “ they were of no material consequence, as she had received such information as entitled him to every mark of her esteem.” All this was extremely mysterious to me, and he looked with much self-consequence and exultation.

“ Mr. De Pretzler enquired after Christina, the dear loved name made my heart bound.—
“ She is very well,” returned she, “ and perfectly satisfied with her situation.”—“ Is it
“ possible,”

“possible,” cried De Bude, “can she really
“reign the world without regret?”

“Entirely so,—and pray *what has she to*
“*regret?*—Her knowledge of mankind is very
“limited, and by no means favourable to
“your sex, I assure you. One old man of
“fortune would have married her, with her
“uncle’s approbation; that offer she has re-
“jected, and has wisely chosen the Convent,
“to preclude all farther solicitations.

“Would to Heaven,” returned he, fer-
vently, “that my fortune was more adequate
“to my wishes and her merit, I should not
“scruple to try the effect of solicitation.”—
“’Tis a folly to dwell on the chapter of im-
“possibilities,” said she, with an air and tone
of severity, “we will therefore change the
“subject.”

“My mind was in tumults, I was incapable
of speaking; but I felt such a detestation for
the unfeeling mother, that I was not sorry
when our visit concluded. Mr. Murray re-
ceived a general invitation, in which I was
not included, a slight bow being the only re-
turn I met with when I took leave.

END OF VOL. I.

